A COLLECTION OF POEMS,

From the beſt AUTHORS:

Adapted to every age, but peculiarly deſigned to form the TASTE of YOUTH.

By JAMES ELPHINSTON.

K 403.

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80	29.	Are	They're
195	16.	be gloom	begloom
227	2.	*Og*	*Og's*
245	12.	lin'gring	ling'ring
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FABLES.

I. *The* HORSE *and the* OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient wiſdom *move*,
Which thus I ſing to make the moderns wiſe;
Strong *Neptune* once with ſage *Minerva ſtrove*,
And riſing *Athens* was the victor's prize.

By *Neptune Plutus*, guardian pow'r of gain;
By great *Minerva*, bright *Apollo* ſtood;
But *Jove* ſuperior bade the ſide obtain,
Which beſt knew to promote the public good.

Then *Neptune* ſtriking, from the parted ground
The warlike horſe came pawing on the plain;
And as it toſt its mane, and pranc'd around,
By this, (he cries) I'll make the people reign.

The goddeſs, ſmiling, gently bow'd the ſpear;
And rather thus I ſhall their bliſs diſcloſe.
Then ſudden ſpreading in the ſummer's clear,
With loaded boughs the fruitful olive roſe.

Jove ſaw what gift the rival pow'rs deſign'd,
And took th' impartial ſcales, reſolv'd to ſhow,
If greater bliſs in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times beſtow.

On *Neptune*'s part he plac'd what victors pleaſe,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;

But plenty, ſafety, ſcience, arts, and eaſe,
Minerva's ſcale, with greater weight, ſuppli'd.

Fierce war devours whom gentle peace would ſave;
Sweet peace reſtores what angry war deſtroys;
War made for peace, with her rewards the brave,
While peace her pleaſures from herſelf enjoys.

Hence vanquiſht *Neptune* to the ſea withdrew,
Hence wiſe *Minerva* rul'd athenian lands;
Her *Athens* hence in arts and honors grew,
And ſtill her olives deck pacific hands.

From fables thus diſclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form juſt rules to chooſe the truly great;
And ſubjects, wearied with diſtreſſes, find
Whoſe kind endeavors moſt befriend the ſtate.

Even *Britain* here may learn to place her *love*,
If cities won her kingdom's wealth have coſt;
If ANNA's thoughts the patriot ſouls *approve*,
Whoſe cares reſtore that wealth the wars had loſt.

But if we aſk, the moral to diſcloſe,
Whom beſt *Europa*'s patroneſs it calls;
Great ANNA's title no exception knows,
But unappli'd in this the fable falls.

With her no *Neptune* or *Minerva* vies;
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her troops to conqueſt flew:
Whene'er ſhe pleaſes, peaceful times ariſe:
She gave the Horſe, and gives the Olive too.

II. *The*

II. *The* FROG *and the* MOUSE.

'TWAS on a time, I ſhan't ſay when,
In *Ely*, or in *Lincoln*-fen,
A frog and mouſe had ſtrong diſputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and paſture
Should be the ſov'reign lord and maſter.
Sir, ſays the frog (and damns his *blood*)
I hold that my pretenſion's *good*,
Nor can a *brute* of *reaſon* doubt it,
For all that you can ſqueak about it.
The mouſe averſe to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the ly, and call'd him coward;
Too hard for any frog's digeſtion!
To have his *froghood* call'd in queſtion!
A bargain inſtantly was made
No mouſe of honor could evade,
On the next morn, as ſoon as light,
With deſp'rate bulruſhes to fight.
The morning came—and man to man,
The grand *monomachy* began.
Need I recount how each bravado
Shone in *mentalto* and *paſſado*?
To what a height their ire they carri'd,
How oft they thruſted, and they parri'd?
But as theſe champions kept diſpenſing
Fineſſes in the art of fencing;
A furious vulture took upon her,
Quick to decide this point of honor;

And, lawyer-like, to make an end on't,
Devour'd both plaintif and defendant.
Thus often in our *britiſh* nation
(I ſpeak by way of application.)
A ly direct to ſome hot youth,
The giving which, perhaps, was truth;
The treading on a ſcoundrel's toe,
Or dealing Impudence her blow;
Diſputes in politics and law,
About a feather and a ſtraw;
A thouſand trifles not worth naming,
In jeſting, jockeying, and gaming,
Shall cauſe a challenge's enditing,
And ſet two loggerheads a fighting.
Meanwhile the father of deſpair,
The prince of vanity and air,
His quarry, like a hawk, diſcovering,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering;
Secure to get in his tuition
Theſe volunteers for black perdition.

III. *The* HARE *and the* REDBREAST.

A Famiſht hare, in ſearch of food,
Forth iſſu'd from a mazy wood;
The earth was all bound up with froſt,
And quite in gloſſy ſnow ſeem'd loſt;
Each verdant, vegetative plain,
Acknowleg'd Winter's drear domain;

The

The lazy ſtreams forgot to flow,
The leafleſs trees were hung with ſnow;
The hare with racking hunger faint,
In moving words thus made his plaint:
I've rang'd o'er all the well-known ground,
And not a bit is to be found;
I've faſted now for many a day,
Yet where to eat I cannot ſay;
No herb or fruit in any field!
To inſtant death I ſure muſt yield.

A redbreaſt on a neighb'ring ſtone,
Had overheard his piteous moan;
And in compaſſion of his grief,
Bid him chear up, and hope relief;
Let me your feeble footſteps guide
To goodman *Jackſon*'s warm fireſide,
Who, when our wants we ſhall explain,
Will hoſpitably entertain.

Ah! no, repli'd the timid hare,
The thoughts of that I cannot bear.
What! truſt myſelf with faithleſs men!
I'd rather dy within this fen.
But yet, if you yourſelf will venture,
And boldly firſt alone will enter,
On your report that they befriend you,
I then will willingly attend you.
With all my heart, the redbreaſt ſaid,
I'll ſhow you I am not afraid:
Believe me, you ſhall quickly hear
A good report; ſo never fear.

Thus ſaying, rapid through the air
He wing'd his flight, and left the hare.

Next day he came in woful plight,
His limbs all broke, a diſmal ſight!
His gaudy plumage vilely ſoil'd,
His tuneful throat for ever ſpoil'd;
Deep in the winding of the vale,
Thus to the hare he told his tale:
Ah me! what ills I have endur'd,
(Ills which, alas! can ne'er be cur'd:)
From wicked man's rapacious race,
Since laſt I left you in this place!
Yon houſe I did no ſooner enter,
Of fell barbarity the center,
Then all the children fought to ſeize me,
And in their hands combin'd to ſqueeze me.
The cruel manner I was treated,
Is hardly fit to be repeated:
My wings they broke, my feathers tore;
I'd better twenty deaths have bore;
At laſt they threw me out for dead,
And here I've rather crawl'd than fled.
Oh! lead me to th' impending ſteep,
Where nodding woods o'erhang the deep;
Or place me in the ruſhy fen,
Far from the ſavage haunts of men;
Where I may ſafely tune my lays,
And carol forth my Maker's praiſe.

IV. *The* HARE *and the* TORTOISE.

GENIUS, bleſt term of meaning wide!
(For ſure no term ſo miſapplied:)
How many bear the ſacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the ſpecious appellation,
Thus fools have chriſten'd Inclination.
But yet ſuppoſe a genius true;
Exempli gratiâ, me or you;
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely eſcapes his apprehenſion;
Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Should he preſume alone on parts,
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts?
Sure of ſucceſs, whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?
Suppoſe your watch a *Graham*-make,
Gold, if you will, for value-ſake;
Its ſprings within in order due;
No watch, when going, goes ſo true:
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?
Some genial ſpark of *Phebus'* rays,
Perhaps within our boſom plays.
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeem to riſe:

Nay application will prevail,
When braggart parts and genius fail.
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds converſt as well as ſung,
And uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind;
A forward hare, of ſwiftneſs vain,
The genius of the neighb'ring plain!
Would oft deride the drudging croud:
For geniuſes are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boaſt, 'twere vain to follow;
For horſe and dog, he'd beat them *hollow*:
Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:
O Puſs! it bodes thee dire diſgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match; nay no denial:
I lay my ſhell upon the trial.

'Twas done and done: all fair: a bet—
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet.
The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtript the wind;
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind;
And ſcarce had paſt a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reacht the goal.
Friend Tortoiſe, cries the jeering Hare,
Your burden's more than you can bear:
To help your ſpeed, it were as well
That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell.

Jog on a little faſter, prithee;
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So ſaid, ſo done—and ſafely ſure!
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoiſe heard the taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to perſevere;
Still drawl'd along, as who ſhould ſay,
I win, like *Fabius*, by delay;
On to the goal ſecurely crept,
While Puſs, unknowing, ſoundly ſlept.

The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoiſe ſpake:
Puſs, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always won by ſtarts:
Thou may'ſt deride my awkward pace;
But *ſlow and ſteady wins the race.*

V. *The* SATYR *and the* PEDLAR.

WORDS are (ſo *Wollaſton* defines)
Of our idea's merely ſigns;
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd*, for inſtance—all agree
Damn'd's the ſuperlative degree;
Means that alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't ſtand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own;

But ſignifies or bad or good,
Juſt as its neighbor's underſtood.
Examples we may find enough:
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* ſtuff!
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold:
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot.
The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.
And here a fable I remember:
Once, in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in ſnow is loſt,
And ev'ry river bound with froſt;
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the deſcriptive rime—
In ſhort, it was the winter-time:
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot.
Shiv'ring with cold, and almoſt froze
With perly drop upon his noſe,
His fingers' ends all pincht to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
That blowing on thy fingers' ends?
It is to warm them thus I blow,
For they are froze as cold as ſnow;
And ſo inclement has it been,
I'm like a cake of ice within.
Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll chear thy inſide, if I can,

Thou'rt

Thou'rt welcome, in my homely cottage
To a warm fire and mess of pottage.
Thus said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of savory broth;
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odor to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not;
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, till 'tis cool enough.

Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the clown,
That I may get the liquor down;
For, though I grant you've made it well;
You've boil'd it, Sir, as hot as hell.

Then raising high his cloven stump,
The Satyr smote him on the rump:
Begone, thou double knave, or fool;
With the same breath to warm and cool!
Friendship with such I never hold,
Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold.

VI. *The* PARLIAMENT *of* BEASTS.

SOmewhere on one of *Afric*'s plains,
They ſay a certain lion reigns,
Who, on a ſeaſon ſent for all
The beaſts into his royal hall;
There at his bidding they repair'd,
When thus the king his mind declar'd.

My lords and gentlemen, ye know,
It is a long, long, while ago,
Since laſt I call'd you to debate
On the emergencies of ſtate.
The war in which we are engag'd,
Succeſsfully we yet have wag'd;
Yet I muſt aſk your farther aid,
Our treaſury is much decay'd;
You muſt then ways and means deviſe,
And ſpeedily, to raiſe ſupplies.

He ſpoke: the beaſts with loyal hearts
Aſſur'd him they would play their parts;
Nought ſhould be wanting to make known
Their ardor to defend the throne.

Now what to tax was the affair,
It could be neither hides nor hair.
What could it be? The tiger roſe:
The tiger would his thoughts diſcloſe.
The ſubſidies requir'd to raiſe,
(Says he) there are not many ways.
Suppoſe you lay a tax on vice,
'Twould fill th' exchequer in a trice.
And in that caſe each of us ſtill
Shall tax his neighbor, if you will.

Thus

Thus none (for who from faults is free?)
Shall 'ſcape; do this, and truſt to me.
Sir, quoth the elephant, your ſcheme
Is wild; indeed it is: you dream.
One tax the other's vices! No;
A ſhorter, ſurer way to go;
Tax virtues; and let each declare
His own ſtock of them: 'tis but fair;
And you ſhall find, or I'm a dunce,
Th' exchequer will be fill'd at once.

VII. *The* GOOSE, *the* SNAKE, *and the* NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN rul'd by Truth and Nature's ways,
When juſt to blame, yet fond to praiſe,
As vot'ry of the delphic god,
I reverence the critic's rod.
But when fell ſpite enflames their breaſt,
All critics I as one deteſt;
For though they claſs themſelves with art,
And each one takes a diff'rent part;
Yet whatſoe'er they find to blame,
Their motives always are the ſame.
Forth as ſhe waddled in the brake,
A gray gooſe ſtumbled on a ſnake;
And ſeiz'd th' occaſion to abuſe her,
And of rank plagiariſm accuſe her.
'Twas I (quoth ſhe) in ev'ry vale
Firſt hiſt the yelping nightingale,

And

And boldly cavill'd at each note
That twitters in the woodlark's throat;
Yet you, mean mimic of my manner;
Without enlisting in my banner,
Presume, where'er you take your station,
To counterfeit my sibilation!
The snake enrag'd, repli'd: Know, Madam,
I date my charter ev'n from *Adam*;
Nor shall I, since I bear the bell,
E'er imitate what I excel.
Had any other creature dar'd
Once to aver what you've declar'd,
I might have been more fierce and fervent;
But you're a goose—and so your servant.
Truce with your folly and your pride,
The warbling *Philomela* cri'd:
Since no more animals we find
In nature of the hissing kind,
You should be friends to one another,
And kind as brother is to brother.
For know, thou pattern of abuse,
Thou snake art but a crawling goose;
And thou, dull dabbler in the lake,
Art nothing but a feather'd snake.

VIII. *The*

VIII. *The* CATERPILLAR *and the* BUTTERFLY.

THE morning blusht with vivid red,
And night in sullen silence fled;
Sad *Philomel* no more complains,
The lark begins his sprightly strains;
Light paints the flow'rs of various hue,
And sparkles in the pendant dew;
Life moves o'er all the quicken'd green,
And Beauty reigns, unrival'd queen.
Green, as the leaf on which they lay,
A caterpillar wak'd to day;
And lookt around, and chanc'd to spy
A leaf of more inviting dy.
From where he lay, he crawl'd; and found
The verdant spot's indented bound;
Stretcht from the verge, he strove to gain
The neighb'ring leaf; but strove in vain.
In that nice moment, prompt to save,
A brother-worm this warning gave.
O! turn, advent'rous as thou art,
Nor hence, deceiv'd by hope, depart.
What though the leaf that tempts thee, shows
More tasteful food, more soft repose?
What though, with brighter spangles gay,
Its dew reflects an early ray?
O! think what dangers guard the prize;
O! think what dangers; and be wise!
The pass from leaf to leaf forbear;
Behold how high they wave in air!

And

And ſhould'ſt thou fall, tremendous thought!
What ruin would avenge thy fault!
Thy mangl'd carcaſe, writh'd with pain,
Shall mark with blood the duſty plain.
Then death, the dread of all below,
Thy wiſh—alone can end thy woe.
Untimely death! for now to dy
Is ne'er to riſe a butterfly!
A butterfly! (the advent'rer cri'd:)
What's that? a bird, (his friend repli'd,)
To which this reptile form ſhall riſe;
A welcome den'ſon of the ſkies!
The joyful ſeaſon Time ſhall bring;
He bears it on his rapid wing.
An age there is, when all our kind
Diſdains the ground, and mounts the wind!
And ſhould thy friend this age attain,
(With haſte the worm repli'd again,)
Say what aſſurance canſt thou give,
That I with birds a bird ſhall live?
For could I truſt thy pleaſing tale,
No wanton wiſh ſhould e'er prevail:
For what that worms obtain, can vy
With bliſs of birds that wing the ſky?
Believe my words (th' adviſer ſaid)
Words by no private int'reſt paid,
Not on thy life or death depend
My pleaſure or my pain——attend!
Like thee, to all the future blind,
I knew not wings for worms deſign'd,
Till laſt yon ſun's aſcending light
Remov'd the duſky ſhades of night.

Soon

Soon as his rays, from heav'n ſublime,
Shone on that leaf you wiſh to climb;
That leaf, which ſhades, in earlieſt hours,
This leſs conſpicuous ſpot of ours;
Surpris'd, a lovely form I ſaw,
That toucht me with delight and aw:
'Twas near; and while my looks betray'd
My wonder, thus the ſtranger ſaid:
If, view'd by thee with wond'ring eyes,
My graceful ſhape and vari'd dies;
New wonder ſtill prepare to feel,
Amazing truths my words reveal:
For know, like thine my humble *birth*;
Like thee, I crawl'd a worm on *earth*.
Ah! mock me not, ſaid I, nor ſeek
A worthleſs triumph o'er the weak!
Canſt thou, thy form with down o'erſpread,
By nature crown'd thy regal head,
Canſt thou my reptile ſhape have *worn*?
My reptile ſhape, of all the *ſcorn*!
Haſt thou! whoſe gorgeous wings diſplay
Each vari'd tint that drinks the day,
More bright than drops of orient dew,
More gay than flow'rs of gaudieſt hue;
With purple edg'd, and fring'd with gold,
Like light, too ſplendid to behold!
Haſt thou, an abject worm, like me,
Crawl'd prone on earth? It cannot be.
O! ceaſe thy doubts, the ſtranger cri'd:
To faith thy happineſs alli'd.——
Not thrice the morn theſe eyes have view'd,
Since genial ſpring my life renew'd.

From

From death-like ſlumbers wak'd, I found
A guardian-ſhell inveſt me round:
The circling ſhield I broke; nor knew
How long my ſafety thence I drew;
But ſoon perceiv'd, and knew the ſpot,
Where once, a worm, I fixt my lot.
The *paſt* with wonder touche my breaſt:
More wonder ſtill, the *new* impreſt,
With pleaſure mixt!—the pleaſure grew,
At ev'ry thought, at ev'ry view.
Transform'd, my unknown pow'r I try;
I wave my wings, I riſe, I fly!
Enraptur'd with the bliſsful change,
From field to field I wanton range;
From flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree,
And ſee whate'er I wiſh to ſee;
Now glide along the daſi'd ground,
Now wheel in wanton circles round;
Now mount aloft, and ſport in air,
Tranſported, when I will, and where.
Still preſent to whate'er invites,
Each moment brings me new delights.
Nor fear allays the joy I know,
The dangers ſcorn'd that lurk below.
No trampling hoof, my former dread,
Can cruſh me, mangled, to the dead.
Fell man himſelf purſues, in vain,
My ſportive circuit o'er the plain.

He ſaid: and, raptur'd with the thought,
New charms his brightning plumage caught;
He clapt his wings; his rapid flight
I trac'd with fond deſiring ſight.

O glorious ſtate!—reſerv'd to this,
O! riſk not life for reptile bliſs.
O! catch the glowing wiſh from me;
The ſame the bliſs reſerv'd for thee:
Deſiſt from ev'ry raſh deſign;
And beauty, plumes, and wings are thine.
He ceaſt: th' adventrer thus repli'd:
By thee the fanci'd change be tri'd:
The *now* is mine, the *now* alone;
The future fate's—a dark unknown!
To *Nature*'s voice my ears incline;
All-lovely, loving, all-divine!
To joy *ſhe* courts, *ſhe* points the way,
And chides this cold, this dull delay.
Farewel;—let Hope thy bliſs ſupply,
And count thy gains with Fancy's eye:
Be thine the wings that Time ſhall ſend,
Believing and obliging friend!
He ſaid; and ſneering fly diſdain,
The neighb'ring leaf attempts to gain,
He falls—all bruis'd on earth he lies;
Too late repents, and groans, and dies.
His friendly monitor, with care,
Avoids each pleaſure-baited ſnare,
Falſe pleaſure! falſe, and fatal too!
Superior joys he keeps in view.
They come—the genial ſpring ſupplies
The wings he hop'd, and lo! he flies!
Taſtes all that ſummer-ſuns prepare,
And all the joys of earth and air.

IX. *The* FLY *and the* TROUT.

AS near yon ſtream, the other day,
Sooth'd by the murm'ring current's play,
I thoughtleſs ſtroll'd along;
Behold! of largeſt growth, a fly,
Adown the ſtream came gliſt'ning by,
The ſmaller flies among.

In ſportive air it ſpread the ſail,
And, o'er the reſt, the flying gale,
It caught with ſeeming pride;
Swiftly it ſkims the cryſtal waves,
Now in the purling eddy laves,
Now ſmoother ſeems to glide.

What joy, (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
Thus on the ſparkling ſtream to play,
And quit the fields of air!
How dull, becauſe on wings they riſe,
Is yonder croud of vulgar flies,
To float for ever there!

Still let the timid, ſordid, crew
The ſame old beaten track purſue;
Nor tempt one new delight:
I dare to live, to live I know,
And graſp at every joy below;
No fancy'd ills affright.

While thus he tun'd his idle ſong,
Born by the cryſtal-ſtream along,
A trout deſcri'd the prize;

And

And upward darting, swift as thought,
The vain, the boasting insect caught:
The boasting insect dies.

I markt his fate, I smote my breast;
Deep be the lesson there impresst,
Which thus my genius gave:
The wretch who quits the path assign'd,
To taste forbidden joy, shall find
New ways to reach the grave.

X. *The* MONKEYS.

WHoe'er with curious eye has rang'd
The tales of *Ovid*'s pen,
Has learnt how *Jove* to monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race
The injur'd pow'r implore,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer given the nod,
That shook the vaulted skies;
With haughtier air the creatures trod,
And stretcht their dwindled size.

The

The locks, in a luxuriant flow,
Around their temples ſpread;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It ſtill retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

The hollow cheeks began to fill,
Yet meagre lookt and *wan*;
The mouth inceſſant chatter'd ſtill,
But mockt the voice of *man*.

Thus half transform'd, and half the ſame,
Jove bade them take their place
(Indulging them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man ſaw with ſcorn the brute indeed,
Nor would a name beſtow:
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing——a BEAU.

XI. TRANSMIGRATION.

WHEN *Flavia* from the world retir'd,
When *Flavia* was no more admir'd;
When *Flavia*'s knocker now lay quiet,
And *Flavia* liv'd on frugal diet;
In place of chicks, eat beef and carrot,
And drank ſmall beer inſtead of claret;

She

She bought a monkey, ſuch a one
So miſchievous, ſo full of fun,
As yet no monkey has undone.
He'd chatter morning, noon and night,
Grin, tumble, friſk, and ſometimes bite,
Abandon'd *Flavia*'s ſole delight.

But ah! amidſt his gameſom tricks,
Death ſummon'd him to croſs the *Styx*:
Death, ruthleſs Death! that's wont to ſtrike
The monkey and the man alike.

Pug reliſht not th' elyſian ſhades;
Their cypreſs-groves, and lonely glades,
Somehow—were—not his taſte at all;
So off he trips to *Pluto*'s hall,
And frankly tells the whole affair;
In ſhort—he could not—like the air;
The place was not his paſſion; no——
He begg'd that he again might go
To earth; he'd take what ſhape king *Pluto*
Might in his wiſdom think he'd ſuit to.

Well, (quoth the god, and ſmil'd) go, paſs
With *Charon*; animate—an aſs.

An aſs! odd's me! moſt mighty ſov'reign!
Put not my ſoul in that curſt covering.
A drouſy, dull, damn'd diſmal creature,
So very foreign to my feature!
I'm at a very pretty paſs
Indeed! make Pug, briſk Pug—an aſs!
Pug! erſt the darling of the fair!
Your Majeſty'll excuſe me there.
Make me—a parrot, gracious king:
A parrot, now, were quite the thing.

Be't ſo, ſaid *Pluto*, then 'twas *granted*;
Our monkey had the form he *wanted*,
Soon caught, in cage confin'd he hung,
And ſquall'd while *Chloe* play'd and ſung;
Call'd *Tom* a knave, a cuckold *Will*;
Was pert and vain, and apiſh ſtill:
Till now the time is come, when he
Once more muſt metamorphos'd be.
He ſeeks, and gets a human ſhape;
But ſtill retains the ancient ape.
He friſks, and capers, grins, and chatters,
Of fifty thouſand filly matters;
Is all froth, emptineſs, and ſhow:
Clarinda's lover in—A BEAU.

XII. *The* TULIP *and the* VIOLET.

SEE yonder gaudy tulip riſe,
And to the ſun her leaves diſplay;
My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
And thus the boaſter ſeems to ſay:
Queen of the gay parterre I reign:
My glowing dies, how bright they ſhine!
The flow'rs unfold their bloom in vain,
No flow'r has charms to equal mine.
By nature meant for regal ſway,
Tall and majeſtic I appear;
Ye ſubject tribes, your Queen obey,
My high command ſubmiſſive hear.

When I unfold my matchleſs bloom,
And to the noon my beauties ſpread;
Let no aſpiring flow'r preſume
Near me to lift her abject head.

The flow'rs are ſilent, while ſhe *ſpeaks*,
And only bluſh to hear her pride;
The ſilence when a vi'let *breaks*,
That crept, unheeded, by her ſide:

Thy arrogance, imperious flow'r,
To real worth has made thee blind;
Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
Are charms of an inferior kind.

From thee no fragrant odors breathe,
No healing gifts thy leaves beſtow,
The flow'rs thou view'ſt with ſcorn beneath,
Can more pretence to merit ſhow.

The cowſlip's virtues, and my own,
Let man, let grateful man confeſs;
To him our real worth is known:
Thee he admires, but for thy dreſs.

The friendly hint, ye liſt'ning fair,
Reflexion bids the Muſe apply:
Let uſeful virtues be your care,
Nor boaſt your pow'r to pleaſe the eye.

ALLEGORIES.

I. FASHION *and* NIGHT.

FASHION, a motley nymph of yore,
The cyprian queen to *Proteus* bore,
Various herſelf in various climes,
She molds the manners of the times;
And turns, in ev'ry age and nation,
The checker'd wheel of variegation.
True female, that ne'er knew her will;
Still changing, though immortal ſtill.
One day, as the inconſtant maid
Was careleſs on her ſofa laid,
Sick of the ſun, and tir'd with light,
She thus invok'd the gloomy NIGHT:
Come, theſe malignant rays deſtroy,
Thou ſcreen of ſhame, and riſe of joy.
Come from the weſtern ambuſcade,
Queen of the rout and maſkerade.
Nymph, without thee no cards advance,
Without thee halts the loit'ring dance;
Till thy approach, all, all's reſtraint:
Nor is it ſafe to game or paint.
The belles and beaux thy influence aſk:
Put on the univerſal maſk;
Let us invert, in thy diſguiſe,
That odious Nature we deſpiſe.

She ceaſt—The ſable-mantled dame
With ſlow approach, and awful, came!
And frowning with ſarcaſtic ſneer,
Reproacht the female rioteer:
That Nature you abuſe, my fair,
Was I created to repair;
To contraſt with a friendly ſhade,
The pictures heav'n's rich pencil made;
And with my ſleep-alluring doſe,
To give laborious Art repoſe;
To make both noiſe and action ceaſe,
The Queen of ſecrecy and peace.
But thou, a rebel vile and vain,
Uſurp'ſt my lawful old domain;
My ſcepter thou affect'ſt to ſway,
And all the various hours are day.
With clamors of unreal joy,
My ſiſter, Silence, you deſtroy.
The blazing lamps, (unnat'ral light!)
My eyeballs weary and affright.
But if I am allow'd one ſhade,
Which no intruſive eyes invade;
There, all th' atrocious imps of hell,
Theft, Murder, and Pollution dwell.
Think then how much, thou toy of chance,
Thy praiſe is like my worth t'enhance;
Blind thing, that runn'ſt without guide,
Thou whirlpool in a ruſhing tide;
No more my fame with praiſe pollute,
But damn me into ſome repute.

II. DESIRE *and* POSSESSION.

'TIS ſtrange, what diff'rent thoughts inſpire
In men, POSSESSION and DESIRE!
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.
POSSESSION and DESIRE his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace.
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till envy, ſlander, ſloth, and doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right:
Through ſlipp'ry by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
DESIRE, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain, like light'ning, flew:
Till ent'ring on a broad high-way,
Where *pow'r* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;

And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took, was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But over-charg'd, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tow'r of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and scepter in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And saw the treach'rous goddess smile;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knockt him, with the scepter, down.
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry om'nous bird of prey:
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light;
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

III. TRUTH *and* FALSEHOOD.

ONCE on a time, in ſunſhine weather,
FALSEHOOD and TRUTH walkt out together,
The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view;
As oppoſites will ſometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they paſt,
And at a brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling ſtream, the margin green,
With flow'rs bedeckt, a vernal ſcene,
Invited each itin'rant maid
To reſt a while beneath the ſhade.
Under a ſpreading beech they ſat,
And paſt the time with female chat;
While each her character maintain'd:
One ſpoke her thoughts, the *other* feign'd.
At length, quoth FALSEHOOD, ſiſter TRUTH,
(For ſo ſhe call'd her from her youth)
What if, to ſhun yon ſultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful ſtream?
The bottom ſmooth, the water clear;
And there's no prying ſhepherd near.
With all my heart, the nymph repli'd,
And threw her ſnowy robes aſide;
Stript herſelf naked to the ſkin,
And with a ſpring leapt headlong in.
FALSEHOOD more leiſurely undreſt,
And laying by her taudry veſt,
Trickt herſelf out in TRUTH's array,
And croſs the meadows tript away.

From this curſt hour, the fraudful dame
Of ſacred TRUTH uſurps the name,
And with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
Falſe ſighs ſuborns and artful tears,
And ſtarts with vain, pretended fears;
In viſits, ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at church her ſaint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While riſing ſtock * her conſcience pricks;
And then, poor thing! extremely gravell'd,
She ſecrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on ſhe will, and ſecrets tell
Of *John* and *Joan*, and *Ned* and *Nell*;
Reviling ev'ry one ſhe knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the roſe.
Her tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do ſerve, ſhe ſlily pleads,
And copious tears ſtill ſhow her needs,
With promiſes as thick as weeds——
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous *civil*,
To-day a *ſaint*, to-morrow *devil*.

Poor TRUTH ſhe ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who ſcorning from her cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever *naked* will appear,
Belov'd by all who TRUTH revere.

* *South-ſea*, 1720.

IV. FAME

IV. FAME *and* TRUTH.

AS FAME of late through *Britain* ſped,
These plaintive notes her trumpet ſpread:
Auratus let the world deplore:
The good *Auratus* is no more!
Yet, even in death, his gen'rous mind
Plann'd for the weal of human kind.
Yon riſing hoſpital ſhall ſhow
His worth from age to age below;
Above, the ſaint, enrob'd with light,
Half angel ſhines divinely bright!
A theme preſents, unlike the laſt;
Her trumpet ſounds a diff'rent blaſt:
Rejoice! the robber meets his doom;
He dies unwept, nor finds a tomb:
Snatcht from the gibbet, warm with life,
His body gluts the ſurgeon's knife.
His ſoul deſcends with fiends to dwell:
Than his, no hotter place in hell!
His name, to *warn*, ſurvives his duſt:
Remember *Milo*, and be juſt.
But FAME, at length, fatigu'd and hoarſe,
From crouds and tumult bent her courſe.
In ſolitude ſhe ſought for reſt,
And ſhades receiv'd th' unwonted gueſt:
Deep was the grove, by human tread
Unmarkt; 'twas here that TRUTH had fled.
'Twas here, for once, their fate to meet;
And thus the wond'ring ſtrangers greet.

By turns they ſpoke——

Fame.] Fair maid! your name?

Truth.] My name is TRUTH.

F. And mine is FAME.

T. Should TRUTH to FAME be thus unknown?
And FAME to TRUTH!

F. The fault's your own.

T. Mine ſure the fault can never be,
Since from the world you baniſht me.

F. I baniſh TRUTH! defamer! *I?*
Has TRUTH a tongue that dares to *ly?*

T. On Virtue's friends your ſlander thrown——
Vice prais'd for merit not her own——

F. I ſcorn the charge: what I declare,
With all her caution, TRUTH might ſwear.
Falſehood my trumpet never blew——

T. It prais'd *Auratus*——

F. 'Tis his due.

T. For what?

F. The ſums he left behind——

T. Extortion wrung from half mankind.

F. But then that hoſpital he rear'd,
Was purely——

T. For a name rever'd.
His life, his heart, high heaven deſcri'd,
His cloſe *injuſtice* markt, and *pride*.
His doom, though worſhipt round the ball,
His doom is fixt beyond recall!

F. Yet TRUTH may own, nay own ſhe *muſt*,
I prov'd to *Milo*'s mem'ry juſt.

T. That *once* he robb'd, I'll own to FAME,
When urg'd by *want*, and ſtung by *ſhame:*

But heaven, that ſaw the tempting hour,
Saw virtue yield to ſtronger pow'r:
The nobler purpoſe of his breaſt
Was over-rul'd, but not ſuppreſt.
Repentance wept his guilt away,
And heaven with pity heard him pray.
Long ere the ſurgeon's knife began,
His ſoul was ſafe, and *that's the man*;
Caught from the gallows to the ſkies—
Pray! did you never trumpet lies?
FAME clapt her wing, and, mounting, ſwore,
If thoſe were lies, ſhe'd trumpet more.
TRUTH ſought her cave to vent her woe
For each wrong'd character below.
But this reflexion calm'd her grief:
Time ſoon ſhall bring the wrong'd relief;
Time ſoon ſhall bid my voice decide,
And *juſtice* mark whom FAME *beli'd*.

V. REASON *and* HUMOR.

HIS *Grace* was once of men the beſt,
REASON ſole empreſs of his breaſt;
Nor was a ſingle paſſion found
One ſtep beyond its proper bound.
If *Thought* rebell'd, 'twas firſt chaſtis'd;
If rebel ſtill, 'twas ſacrific'd.
Once, for all virtues you could name,
His Grace was juſtly dear to fame.
But ſtrange! beyond expreſſion ſtrange!
How ſudden, how entire a change!

He takes a whim to live with *ſpirit*,
And thinks, in *humor* there is *merit*.
By turns behold him groom and peer!
Grave, gay; goodnatur'd, and ſevere.
Now with nine footmen, now with none!
His horſes mixt; black, white, bay, dun!
And odder ſtill, if that can be,
Now drives with ſix, and now with three!
At nine his ſeat was ſold! at ten
Rebought; at twelve 'twas ſold again!
His fortune flies a thouſand ways;
His conſtitution faſt decays.
The doctors to a man adviſe
Milk, ſnails, and gentle exerciſe.
He rides, but not his eaſy pad——
A ſtallion, mettled high, juſt mad.
He's thrown; with bruiſe and fright half-dead,
A ſervant bears him home to bed.
Reflecting as the ſuff'rer lay,
Impatient for the riſing day;
He curſt wild *Humor*, that ſo long
Had led him blind from right to wrong.
The juſt complaint reacht REASON's ear:
REASON, though not within, was near.
Howe'er provok'd with ample cauſe,
From man ſhe never quite withdraws;
But, till by Death's dread ſcythe we fall,
Still waits within a moment's call.
Receive me yet again, ſhe cri'd:
From wrong to right I'll be your guide.
My dictates while *your Grace* purſu'd;
Your heart, your life, was wiſe, was good:

The

The ſorc'reſs HUMOR baniſh hence,
That foe to virtue, pleaſure, ſenſe!
Again take REASON to your breaſt,
And be again rever'd and bleſt.

HUMOR heard all, and, ſtung with rage,
Came forth with REASON to engage.
A ſpeedy fight enſues, and lo!
HUMOR receives a dreadful blow
Full on the brain. She loſt her ſight
With REASON in a former fight.
Frantic ſhe ran: beware, mankind!
Now HUMOR's mad as well as blind!

REASON's rethron'd, but doctors give
Small hope: *His Grace* (they cry) may live!
Yet great's the doubt—and let him dy,
REASON ſhall fix him in the ſky.

VI. *The Apology of* ART.

'TWAS when the ſun direct, with potent ray,
O'er all the azure ſpread redoubled day;
On *Deva*'s banks, beneath the leafy ſhade,
Pleas'd with the vari'd proſpect, thus I ſaid:
O Art! how vain is all thy vaunted ſkill!
Ev'n ye who boaſt a pegaſean quill,
Can ye deſcribe the ſmoothneſs of the ſtream,
Or feign the force of the all-conqu'ring beam?
Ye who with Nature on the canvas vy,
Whoſe labors charm the ſoul, and bleſs the eye,
How faint your ſtain to yonder vivid green;
What painting equals the ſurrounding ſcene?

Enfeebled Art, no more the prize contend;
Nor ſtrive to conquer, where thou canſt not mend.
Scarce ſaid, when lo! the parting ſtream diſplay'd
A nymph, in all the pride of dreſs array'd;
The waters gath'ring round her in a ring,
Diſclos'd the mimic verdure of the ſpring.
Bending ſhe ſtood with graceful air and mien,
As the fam'd ſtatue of the paphian queen*.
Who thus arraigns the growing pow'r of Art,
She who at once can warm and mend the heart?
Rude and untaught, the ſavage Indians roam
From cave to cave, nor find a peaceful home!
Unknown to all the elegance of life,
Expert alone in wild unſocial ſtrife;
Strangers to all the beauties of the mind,
All that or graces, or endears mankind;
Superior only to the brutal race,
And all their knowlege but their haunts to trace.
Look forward, ſee the cultivated fields;
Compare with theſe what fallow Nature yields:
Then turn, behold the tow'ring ſpires ariſe,
Whoſe lofty ſummits emulate the ſkies;
The winding bay with waving ſtreamers crown'd,
Where ſhouts of joy are echo'd all around.
View next the ſeats where Learning ſheds her ray,
And where in ſilence all the Muſes ſtray.
See heroes, patriots, legiſlators there;
See here the ſhade, the ſage's, poet's care.
Turn where you will, acknowlege Art's renown,
In hut, in hamlet, or in wealthy town.

* *Travellers remark, that the* VENUS *of* Medicis *inclines forward, as if in act to ſpeak.*

Alike

Alike the garden and the grove confeſs,
Alike the palace and the church; nor leſs
Her pow'r the leaſt, the meaneſt movement ſhows;
Ev'n Nature's ſelf to Art her praiſes owes:
For Art is Nature from all droſs refin'd,
The pure effulgence of th' unclouded mind.
Swift from her eye ſhe ſent an angry beam,
And, ſilent, ſunk beneath the cloſing ſtream.

TALES.

I. *The Power of* INNOCENCE.

A Northern pair, we waive the name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
When firſt the nuptial ſtate they tri'd,
With poets' gods in pleaſure vi'd.
New to the mighty charm, they feel
A joy that all their looks reveal.
We love whate'er has pow'r to pleaſe;
So Nature's ancient law decrees:
And thus the pair, while each had pow'r
To bleſs the fond, ſequeſter'd hour,
With mutual love enraptur'd glow,
And *love* in kind *complacence* ſhow.
But when familiar charms no more
Inſpire the bliſs they gave before;
Each leſs *delighting*, leſs was *lov'd*:
Now this, now that was diſapprov'd.
Some trifling fault which *Love* conceal'd,
Indiff'rence ev'ry day reveal'd.
Complacence flies, *Neglect* ſucceeds;
Neglect, *Diſdain*, and *Hatred* breeds:
The wiſh *to pleaſe* forſakes the breaſt;
The wiſh *to rule* has each poſſeſt.
Perpetual war, that wiſh to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain.

Now

Now hope of conqueſt ſwells the heart
No more—— at length content to part.
The rural ſeat, that ſilvan ſhade,
Where firſt the nuptial vows were paid;
That ſeat atteſts the dire intent,
And hears the parting ſettlement.
This houſe, theſe fields, my Lady's own,
Sir *John* muſt ride to town alone.
The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
But ſtill the chariot waits in view.
Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe—and ſmokes it out——
Myſterious! wherefore this delay?
The ſequel ſhall the cauſe diſplay.
One lovely girl the Lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys ſhe taſtes no more;
The father's, mother's, darling ſhe,
Now liſpt and prattled at their knee.
Sir *John* now riſing to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cri'd, with ardor in his eye:
Come, *Betſey*; bid mama *good-b'ye*.
The Lady, trembling, anſwer'd: No——
Go, kiſs papa, my *Betſey*, go.
Sir *John*, the child ſhall live with me——
The child herſelf ſhall chooſe, ſaid he.
Poor *Betſey* lookt at each by *turns*,
And each the ſtarting tear *diſcerns*.
My Lady aſks, with doubt and fear:
Will you not live with me, my Dear?
Yes, half-reſolv'd, repli'd the child;
And, half-ſuppreſt her tears, ſhe ſmil'd.

Come,

Come, *Betsey*, cri'd Sir *John*, you'll go,
And live with dear papa, I know.
Yes: *Betsey* cri'd—The Lady then
Addreſt the wond'ring child again.
The time to live with both is o'er:
This day we part, to meet no more!
Chooſe then—Her grief o'erflow'd her breaſt,
And tears burſt out, too long ſuppreſt.
The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd papa diſpleas'd, unkind;
And tri'd, with all her little skill,
To ſooth his oft-relenting will.
Do, cri'd the liſper, *Pappy*, do
Love dear mama! Mamma loves you.
Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart beli'd:
The tender tranſport fore'd its way:
They both confeſt each other's ſway:
And, prompted by the ſocial ſmart,
Breaſt ruſht to breaſt, and heart to heart.
Each claſpt their *Betſey*, o'er and o'er,
And *Tom* drove empty from the door.
Ye that have paſſions for a tear,
Give nature vent, and drop it here.

II. *The* FATAL INQUISITOR.

THough down the bed, where *Miro* lay,
He slept not to the dawn of day:
And who could hope a moment's rest,
While thoughts like these perplex the breast?
Knowlege conceal'd beyond the sky—
Ah! what can dim-ey'd man descry?
Life's good or ill, till felt unknown:
To-morrow's is to-morrow's own!
My mortal hour the next may be—
Or heav'n may hoary age decree.
My moments pass—when past, I know,
If fraught with happiness or woe.
The tardy knowlege comes too late,
And unprepar'd we meet our fate.
Ah! why, if heav'n is wise and kind,
Thus hoodwinkt man's immortal mind?
Why prescience jealously deni'd,
Of life alone the guard and guide?
Man born to woe, as sparks ascend,
The means of bliss heav'n will not lend.
Here slumber seal'd his weary eyes;
A dream ensu'd, to make him wise.
(But all her sons, like *Eve*, shall know
Knowlege that heav'n forbids, is woe!)
An angel thus bespoke him: Friend!
I come at once thy doubts to end!
Full to thy view I'll make appear
The fate of thy ensuing year:

He

He ceaſt; and from the doubter's eyes
Fell ſcales—a ſcene began to riſe—
One raving in a fever lay!
Shriekt!—and expir'd!—turn'd cold as clay.
Another, worn to ſkin and bone,
Deep! and more deep! fetcht many a groan!
And now, the ſhadow gaſpt for breath!
And now was agoniz'd in death!
Who's ſhe, that fever robb'd of life?
The angel anſwer'd: 'Twas your wife!
The man conſumption ended, who?
Again the angel anſwer'd: You.
That dreadful word like thunder broke!—
The dreamer ſtartled!—and awoke!—
What can this ſhocking dream portend?—
Two deaths before the year ſhall end!
Mira's the firſt!—nor hers alone!
As much it aſcertain'd my own!
Your wife!—and you!—This tingling ear
Still rings, as were the angel here!—
But what's a dream? Nay ſome rehearſe
It juſt denotes its own reverſe—
Of mine ſhall I preſume the ſame?
Impoſſible! from heav'n it came—
Came to correct this wrangling heart!
And what but truth can heav'n impart?—
Muſt I then dy? Is death ſo near?
Good heav'n! accept this guſhing tear!
To ev'ry crime thy grace extend!
And let that death my ſorrows end!—
But how to break it to my Fair?
For the dread ſecret ſhe muſt ſhare!

Warn'd,

Warn'd, she'll prepare herself to dy,
And shine a brighter saint on high.
The dream was told—how struck the dame!
High bounds her pulse—her blood's on flame.
See her in bed! she pants! she turns!
She raves!—How fell the fever burns!—
She's gone! and, when her heart-strings broke,
Miro felt more than half the stroke!
By forethought of that dreadful day,
How much was *Miro* worn away!
But quite to lose so fond a wife,
It shrinks him to a shade of life!
Ev'n Hope, the waster's constant friend,
That scarce deserts him at his end;
Hope flies the piner's heart; nor dare
That heart importune heav'n to spare!—
But certain, that his instant doom's decreed,
He meets grim Death half-way; and dies indeed.

MORAL.

Man at his peril through the future pries,
What best were hid, heav'n hides from human eyes.
Hence, there are seasons to be purely gay;
And ev'n misfortunes have their proper day.
Hence Hope, that helps life's heaviest loads to bear;
Hence all the humble confidence of pray'r:
Hence Resignation calms the pious breast,
And all that heav'n permits, man construes best.

III. *The* CONVERSATION.

'T always has been thought diſcreet,
To know the company you meet:
nd ſure there may be ſecret danger,
n talking much before a ſtranger.
greed: what then? Then drink your ale:
ll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the ſcene is fixt;
he perſons were but odly mixt.
Vhen ſober *Damon* thus began:
And *Damon* is a clever man!)
now grow old; but ſtill, from youth,
Have held for *Modeſty* and *Truth*,
The men, who by theſe ſeamarks ſteer,
n life's great voyage never veer.
Upon this point I dare defy
The world: I pauſe for a reply——
Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,
Said one who ſat a little diſtant:
Truth decks our *ſpeeches*, and our *books*;
And *Modeſty* adorns our *looks*.
But farther progreſs we muſt ſeek,
Not only born to *look* and *ſpeak*:
The man muſt *act*. The STAGIRITE
Says thus, and ſays extremely right:
Strict juſtice is the ſov'reign guide,
That o'er our actions ſhould preſide:
This queen of virtues is confeſt
To regulate and bind the reſt.
Thrice happy, if you can but find
Her equal ballance poiſe your mind:

All

All diff'rent graces ſoon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their center.
'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe *Two* went on,
With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*;
Through many points divinely dark,
And WATERLAND aſſaulting CLARKE;
Till wreckt upon the rocky coaſt,
DAMON took up the *Evening-poſt*;
Confounded SPAIN, compos'd the *North*,
And deep in Politics held *forth*:
Methinks we're in the like condition,
As at the TREATY of PARTITION:
That ſtroke, for all king WILLIAM's care,
Begat another ſad affair.
MATTHEW, who knew the *whole intrigue*,
Ne'er much approv'd that *myſtic league*.
In the vile UTRECHT-TREATY too,
Poor man! he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply;
But downright *Dunſtable* was I,
And told him *where* they were *miſtaken*,
And counſel'd him to *ſave his bacon*.
But, paſs his *politics* and *proſe*,
I never herded with his foes;
Nay, in his *verſes*, as a friend,
I ſtill found ſomething to commend:
Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN MAID,
Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid.
Too far, I own, the girl was tri'd:
The women all were on my ſide.
For *Alma* I return'd him thanks:
I lik'd her with her little pranks:

Indeed,

Indeed, poor SOLOMON in rime,
Was much too grave to be ſublime.
PINDAR and DAMON ſcorn tranſition:
So on he ran a new diviſion;
Till out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit:
(Chance often helps us more than wit,)
T'other that lucky moment ſeiz'd,
And thus his burſting boſom eas'd:
Of all the gifts the gods aſſign'd,
(If we may take old TULLY's mind)
The greateſt is a friend; whoſe *love*
Knows how to praiſe, and when *reprove*.
From ſuch a treaſure never part;
But hang the jewel on your heart:
And, pray, Sir, (it delights me!) tell;
You know this Author mighty well—
Know him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods fiſh!
Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?
I lov'd him, as I told you—I
Advis'd him—Here a ſtander-by
Twitcht DAMON gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, ſilence broke;
DAMON, *'tis time we ſhould retire:*
The man you talk with is MAT PRIOR.

Patron through life, and from thy birth my friend,
DORSET, to thee, this fable let me ſend:
With DAMON's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid *worth:*
The foil is known to ſet the diamond *forth*.
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give:
How *many* DAMONS, how *few* DORSETS live!

IV. CHAMONT *and* HONORIUS.

OFFSPRING of heav'n, the *Muſes*, know,
Save Vice and Virtue, friend nor foe;
No mortal ties prevail:
Calm as the delegating god,
They give the palm, and ſhake the rod,
As Juſtice turns the ſcale.

CHAMONT *, though born (ſay ſome) a ſlave,
No rights, no freedom his to ſave,
To war his life reſign'd:
For *France* in arms the heroe ſhone,
And in her grandeur plac'd his own:
How glorious! how refin'd!

More bleſt HONORIUS †, yet a youth,
For *britiſh* liberty and truth
The trumpet's call obey'd:
His perſon all his country's due
He deem'd, and to her ſummons true,
In part a hand had paid.

One ſtill remains, the ſword to wield,
Again he treads the hoſtile field;
The battle round him burns:
Around him fall his faithful bands;
Diſtinguiſht, firm, alone he ſtands,
And theſe and thoſe o'erturns.

With indignation mov'd and grief,
The gallic hero ey'd the chief,
And flew his ſtrength to try;

* *A* french *officer.* † *A* britiſh *captain of foot.*

Honorius now o'ermatcht in fight,
Lookt up, and saw with dreadful light
The falchion flame on high.
To guard his head from hostile harm,
He rais'd the remnant of his arm,
The fight arrests the foe:
With pity toucht and martial pride,
He nobly smil'd, and turn'd aside
The sword's descending blow.
To join his friends he urg'd his steed;
But swifter far, a bullet's speed
O'ertakes him, and he dies!
The Pow'r, whose just rewards are sure,
Knew Earth for his deserts too poor,
And snatcht him to the skies.

V. *The* Accident: *a pastoral essay.*

From rosy fingers, Morning shook the dew;
From Nature's charms the vail of Night she drew;
Reviving color glow'd with broken light;
The varied landscape dawn'd upon the sight:
The lark's first song melodious floats in air;
And *Damon* rises, wak'd by Love and Care;
Unpens the fold, and o'er the glitt'ring mead,
With thoughtful steps, conducts his fleecy breed.
Near, in rude majesty, a mountain stood,
Projecting far, and brow'd with pendant wood;

The foliage, trembling as the breezes blow,
Inverted, trembles in a brook below.
The mountain echo'd ev'ry plaintive ſtrain,
The ſighing breeze return'd his ſighs again;
The gliding brook remurmur'd to his grief,
As thus from ſong the ſhepherd ſought relief:
When late in rural ſports I took my ſhare,
Blithe as the blitheſt in the crouded fair;
What though from ten, contending in the race,
I ſnatcht the prize, with yet unrival'd pace?
What though, in wreſtling, arduous to excel,
I ſtood the victor, when each rival fell?
What though, when *Colin*, oft in combat crown'd,
The cudgel ſeiz'd, and aw'd the circle round,
I boldly dar'd the champion of the green,
And from his head the trickling blood was ſeen?
What though, in ſofter ſtrife, my rural ſong
Won the loud plaudit of the liſt'ning throng?
Though ev'ry prize, by ev'ry voice, was mine,
And rival hands for me the chaplet twine,
On *Robin*'s ſhoulders through the croud convey'd
Of maids that bluſht, and ſhepherds that huzza'd;
Vain all my ſtrength, activity and ſpeed,
Vain all my ſkill to tune the vocal reed;
No joy the chaplet, or the prize could give:
For *Phillis* frown'd, the nymph for whom I live!
Phillis, whoſe charms alone my wiſhes fir'd,
Whoſe charms ambition, not my own, inſpir'd;
Who made my feet more ſwift, my arms more ſtrong;
My heart more dauntleſs, and more ſweet my ſong.
Love gave me conqueſt, but deni'd me bliſs,
When from her lips ſhe wip'd the raviſht kiſs:

Cruel

Cruel and coy ſhe blaſted all my pride,
And 'midſt the tranſport of my friends I ſigh'd.
Deni'd her love, I'm poor with all the reſt;
Indulg'd with that, of more than all poſſeſt.
What giddy caprice rules a woman's mind,
As Fate relentleſs, and as Fortune blind!
On vanquiſht *Colin*, *Phillis* ſheds her ſmiles,
And all his ſorrows and his pains beguiles.
She, from the wound I gave, with lenient care,
Waſht the ſtiff gore, and clipt the clotted hair:
The healing ſimples with ſoft touch appli'd,
Own'd and careſt him, ſpite of female pride,
Mourn'd his diſgrace; and now, from future harms,
Perhaps ſhe hides him in her circling arms.
O! had kind heav'n to me transferr'd his blow,
O! had I own'd him a ſuperior foe,
Fled from the gen'ral hiſs, with ſhame depreſt,
To hide my bluſhes in her downy breaſt!
To him, with rapture, ev'ry prize I'd yield,
And all the taſteleſs honors of the field;
For each gay trifle, with her love o'erpaid;
Bleſt, though forgotten, in the ſecret ſhade.
Vain wiſh! to *Colin* is that bliſs decreed—
Diſtracting thoughts diſtracting thoughts ſucceed—
May ſwift deſtruction ſeize the hated pair,
Or, worſe than ſwift deſtruction, my deſpair!
No—may the fruitleſs curſe leave *Phillis* free;
But doubled, *Colin!* be fulfill'd in thee.
High on the neighb'ring mountain's airy head
His brouſing goats as happy *Colin* fed,
Pronounc'd with haſty rage, he heard his name,
And near the brow with ſtill attention came;

Too near; the treach'rous brink gives way, and lo!
He ſhrieks, and plunges in the brook below;
The ſounding waters, whitening as they roſe,
Now with ſubſiding murmurs round him cloſe.
Damon, alarm'd, his falling rival knew;
And, ſwift as light'ning, to his aid he flew;
Prevailing virtue triumpht in his breaſt,
And pity, love and enmity ſuppreſt:
He ſaw him gaſp emerging from the brook,
And reacht, with gen'rous haſte, his ſaving crook,
Caught by the drowning wretch with both his hands:
Now grateful, trembling, on the bank he ſtands;
Short recollection ſerv'd him, thus to ſhow
How much a friend he roſe, who fell a foe.
Born to ſubdue me, and ſubdu'd to ſave,
Thine from this moment is the life you gave.
Here, by the Gods, who ſent thee to my aid,
I ſwear, no more to ſee thy fav'rite maid;
By partial favor, not by merit mine,
To thee more worthy, *Phillis* I reſign.
Go, and my falſehood to thy miſtreſs plead;
Go, and may heav'n and love thy ſuit ſucceed.
Thus ſoon, with ardent looks, with honeſt pride,
And juſt diſdain, the kindling ſwain repli'd:
What *Damon*'s faithful love eſſay'd in vain,
He ſcorns by *Colin*'s broken vows to gain:
Be thine the maid, ſince fate ordains it ſo,
And time and abſence ſhall allay my woe!
Friends, from this hour for ever, let us live:
My friendſhip's pledge, this ſpotleſs ew I give.
And I, yon kid, than falling ſnow more white:
Glad *Colin* cries, and mutual faith they plight.

Thus

Thus buſh'd, *Phillis*, unperceiv'd, drew near,
Foredoom'd her love now twice renounc'd to hear:
Take, *Damon*, (thus the bluſhing maid begins)
The hand, the heart, thy gen'rous virtue wins.
Not *Colin*'s broken vows, but *Damon*'s truth,
Now blends my fate with thine, deſerving youth!
To try thee (O! forgive, if tri'd too far:)
Was all I meant, whate'er my actions were.
Her hand, with ſudden rapture, *Damon* preſt;
The joyful pair conſenting *Colin* bleſt:
To *Damon*'s cot they take the flow'ry way,
With guiltleſs mirth to crown the happy day.

VI. *The* JUDGEMENT *of* PARIS.

WITHIN the deep receſs of *Ida*'s bower,
To ſhun bright *Phebuſes* meridian power,
Lay youthful *Paris*, fire-deſerted boy,
The fated firebrand of unhappy *Troy*:
His idle crook was, careleſs, thrown aſide,
His flock at diſtance with his ruſtic bride:
Apt ſcene and leiſure for the ſwain to find
Fantaſtic forms to pleaſe his airy mind;
But chief was Love, that ſweet deluding gueſt,
For ever welcome to the youthful breaſt;
Where abſolute he ſoon erects his throne;
A jealous monarch, that will reign alone!
And drives Ambition with her pomp away,
Unleſs conducive to his ampler ſway.

While thus the ruminating ſwain was laid,
Unuſual day ſhot ſudden through the ſhade:
Surpris'd, uproſe he from the moſſy ground,
And ſmelt ambroſial odors all around;
When lo! the meſſenger of *Jove* appears:
One hand his ſnake-entwin'd caduceus rears,
And one preſents th' inſcrib'd myſterious ball,
That wrought diſſenſion in *Olympus'* hall;
With him three beauties of celeſtial race,
Whoſe radiant charms illumin'd all the place.

Then ſpoke fair *Maia*'s ſon: From *Jove* we came,
Behold his daughters, and his royal dame!
Which ſhines the faireſt of th' illuſtrious three,
O *Paris*, to decide is left to thee!
To thee, the thund'rer's delegate below,
This prize upon the vict'reſs to beſtow;

He ſaid: and *Juno* firſt advanc'd; her air
And ſtately motion conſcious pride declare;
While the gay bird, adorn'd with *Argus'* eyes,
Attends th' imperial miſtreſs of the ſkies;
Who thus began—: Unknown to thee thy birth;
In ruſtic ſloth thou loſeſt princely worth;
While in the myſtic roll of fate I read,
Life more ſublime is to thy lot decreed:
Thy fleecy ſubjects, and thy crook diſdain;
And dare o'er men, and kings of men, to reign
Rever'd, ador'd, obey'd, an earthly god,
With life or death attending on thy nod!
To this my gift, direct thy gen'rous view,
And be the prize awarded where 'tis due.

Jove's conſort ended; when the next drew near,
The blue-ey'd *Pallas* with erected ſpear;

The bird of night her creſt, her ſhield display'd
The ghaſtly viſage of the ſnaky maid;
With looks that fortitude ſerene expreſt,
The virgin-goddeſs thus her judge addreſt:
Would'ſt thou in Fame's eternal annals live,
A heroe crown'd, 'tis mine that crown to give:
'Tis I the field arrange, the breaſt inſpire
With ſteady courage, and with martial fire.
But whether thou by conqueſt realms obtain,
Or royal birth, that idler right, to reign;
'Tis I the patroneſs of arts alone,
Erect the pillars that ſupport a throne.
Thus I o'er peace as well as war preſide,
And bleſs the ſtates that I with counſel guide.
Conſult thy glory, be that apple mine,
And thou with fortitude and wiſdom ſhine!
This ſaid, ſhe with a martial air retires.
To her ſucceeds the queen of ſoft deſires:
The loves attend her, and each winning grace,
And ſmiles reſiſtleſs dimple in her face;
Who thus, in accents of celeſtial ſound;
O lovely youth, with vernal vigor crown'd,
Now, now's the time that vigor to employ
In ſocial bliſs, in every rapt'rous joy!
Let others prove their toils of war and ſtate;
Grow old in cares, and labor to be great;
While, myrtle-crown'd, remote from rude alarms,
Thou know'ſt no conflicts but in Beauty's arms;
Not brown *Enone*'s: let her empire ceaſe,
And yield to *Helen*, paragon of *Greece*;
Whoſe ev'ry charm, and ev'ry gift divine,
She ſhall to thee, moſt lovely youth, reſign.

Thus the fair cyprian queen, with gracious ſmile
Mute ſtood the ſwain, and motionleſs a while;
At length, with lifted hands, O *Jove*, he cri'd,
Can mortal wit this heav'nly cauſe decide?
Let not the loſers frown at my decree,
That one poſſeſs the ſtrenuous claim of three!
Imperial *Juno*, and the prudent maid,
Their ſev'ral gifts before me have diſplay'd;
But as th' inſcription on this glitt'ring prize,
Is *for the faireſt*, not moſt great or wiſe,
To *Venus* it pertains, her right and due,
And no diſhonor to the other two.

VII. *The* FATE *of the* MOUSE.

LET loftier bards the heroe's acts relate,
In humble ſtrains I ſing the mouſe's fate;
Nor let a critic ear the theme refuſe,
Immortal made by the *meonian* muſe.

'Twas when the ſhades of night o'erſpread the plain,
When bats and furies, mice and *Morpheus* reign;
When lab'ring hinds forget the toils of day,
And *Philomel* begins her midnight-lay;
A daring mouſe, that dauntleſs long deſi'd
The various arts which *Abigail* had tri'd,
His deſtin'd doom receiv'd: for, ſoon or late,
Both mice and monarchs muſt ſubmit to Fate.

Oft was the moon with ſilver luſtre crown'd,
Since the nocturnal vagrant marcht his round:

Soon

Soon as his foe, the ſun, had took his flight,
Trips forth the little pirate of the night,
With cautious tread, ſecure from fell miſhap,
Of puſs, of poiſon, or tremendous trap;
With noſe ſagacious ſmells the baited gin,
Wary and conſcious of the ſnare within:
Now vent'rous roves o'er diſhes, creams, and cakes,
Of all the dainties of the day partakes;
Regales on rich variety of meats,
And oft in cheeſe his own apartments eats:
Puddings in vain, that come but once a week,
In cupboard high a ſanctuary ſeek;
Where locks and bolts a paſſage have *forbid*,
He gnaws admiſſion in a time of *need*:
When pantry fails, then books bedaub'd with greaſe,
Will ſometimes ſerve his hunger to appeaſe:
Deſoe and *Bunyan* in keen edges feel,
And *Foxes* lives afford him many a meal.
Tales of fair *Roſamund* are turn'd to food;
A conj'ring book, love-jeſts, and *Robin Hood*.
Thus, like wild Tartars, liv'd the beaſt on prey;
Plunder'd all night, and ſlumber'd all the day.

When ruddy Morn wak'd the more ruddy maid,
What ſcenes of ruin were around diſplay'd!
In fragments here diſjointed baſons ly,
And there the ſqualid relics of a py.
With lifted hands, in *Ceres'* gifts ſhe ſees
Archt caverns yawn, and ſepulchres of cheeſe.
Not more tremendous looks the *Cyclop's* cave,
Or *Cuma's* grot, hard by *Averno's* wave.
But the dear fav'rite ſaucer gave moſt pain,
Whoſe brims blue letters in a circle ſtain:

That ſaucer which her ſwain, laſt country-wake,
Gave her, adorn'd with motto and with cake.
'Twas then, with weeping eyes, revenge ſhe ſwore,
And threw the laſt ſad remnants on the floor.
Not with leſs grief, the trojan heroes found
Their mangled banquets ſcatter'd o'er the ground;
When from on high rapacious harpies flew
With horrid claws, and all the feaſt o'erthrew.

Yet long unharm'd the epicure patrol'd,
And fearleſs o'er his ſilent ſuburbs ſtroll'd:
Luxurious nights in pleaſing plunder paſt,
Nor dreamt that this was doom'd to be his laſt.
For now the time, the deſtin'd time was ſent;
So Fate ordain'd; and who can Fate prevent?

Thick ſhades once more had vail'd the haunted houſe:
Once more from covert bolts th' advent'rous mouſe.
As uſual, ranging for nocturnal prey,
In an ill hour he came where oiſters lay.
The fiſh commiſſion'd from his wat'ry throng,
With tegument of ſcaly armor ſtrong,
Lay with expanded jaws and gaping ſhell,
(What pen the dire cataſtrophe can tell?)
Thus lies the dreadful monſter of *Nile*'s flood,
With open mouth, extended on the mud.
The greedy mouſe, now fond of ſome new diſh,
Enters the gloomy manſion of the fiſh;
With beard exploring, and with luſcious lip,
He longs the pickle of the ſeas to ſip.
Rous'd by his tuſks, the elaſtic oiſter fell,
And caught the caitif's head within his cell.
In vain the victim labors to get free
From durance hard, and dread captivity:

Locke

Lockt in the close embrace, strange fate! he cries,
In pil'ry safe, pants, struggles, squeaks, and dies.
Thus ends the dire disast'rous night's campaign,
And thus the memorable mouse was slain.
Hence then let tow'ring minds, the tale who hear,
This moral learn: *To move within their sphere.*

But say, what raptures felt th' exulting cook,
When on the morn she found the smuggler took!
While loud rejoicings fill the rescu'd house,
And neighbors croud to view the slaughter'd mouse!

Now hangs the fish a monument sublime,
Safe, where no boys can reach, no cats can climb;
Where ostrich-eggs, and birds presaging weather,
Dri'd herbs, dri'd hams, and halcyons swing together,
And then beneath the master sits and smokes,
And cracks his nuts, his bottles, and his jokes.
This tale he tells to grace the *Christmas*-py,
And to the trophi'd relics points on high.

CHARACTERS,

OR

PICTURES.

I. *The* SCHOLAR.

THE youth, who's deſtin'd by the muſe,
To charm with verſe a future age,
Should early have his boſom fir'd
With *Virgil*'s, or great *Homer*'s rage.

His tender breaſt ſhould beat for fame,
And noble ſoul with rapture glow;
For praiſe diſdain the pomp of guilt,
Nor ever ſordid pleaſure know.

When raviſht he in *Homer* reads,
How *Hector* for his country *ſtood*,
The patriot's zeal ſhould warm his cheek,
And glory fire his mounting *blood*.

Did then his mind, in manhood ſtrong
Heav'n-guided, with religion ſhine,
What reaſon would his writings crown,
And beauties beam in ev'ry line!

Virtue,

Virtue, the progeny of heaven,
Alone can godlike thoughts impart;
If vice corrupt the ſoul, in vain
We boaſt of all the pow'r of art.

But let true virtue once unite
With learning of terreſtrial birth,
The ſpheres their muſic will renew,
And heav'n deſcend to raptur'd earth.

II. *The* STUDENT.

FREE from the dull impertinence of chat,
And idle inſtances of this and that;
Free from the ſmart ſocieties of *wit*,
And coxcombs laughing at their own *conceit*;
Free from the graver topics of the gown,
The lawyer's quibble, and the zealot's frown;
My book I court, and from the ſilent page,
Imbibe the wiſdom of the ſaint and ſage.
Pleas'd I review the firſt records of time,
The moſt authentic, and the moſt ſublime.
With heaven's almighty *fiat* I begin,
And view its image, yet untaught to ſin:
Next ſin her dire contagion ſpreading wide,
When by one death ſucceeding ages di'd.
The plan of heaven with wonder I purſue,
Till the old work ſtands finiſht in the new;
Till life, by one, ſucceeding ages gain,
And Satan plots, to curſe the world, in vain.

With

With rev'rence clos'd, from ſacred books I *turn*,
And what the ſchools of ſcience taught, I *learn*.
I enter oft the rigid *ſamian* ſchool,
In ſilence ſtudy, and ſubmit to rule;
Revolve each weighty matter in my breaſt,
And learn, before I utter, to digeſt;
Review each day th' improvements I have made,
Nor dare to ſpeak, till able to perſwade.
Anon I ſeek in hiſt'ry diff'rent ſcenes,
And active fancy mighty chiefs convenes.
Here *Ceſar* ſtrikes me with triumphant ſway,
While ſwoln tumultuous *Rubicon* gives way.
Here the *Boyne* reddens, deep with gore diſdain'd,
Where belgic *William* vict'ry's laurel gain'd.
I muſe reflective on the dread record,
And try the juſtice of the victor's ſword.
Now with new joy my *Tully* I review,
Who utters all his eloquence anew.
At once my judgment by his art is caught,
His nervous ſtile, his energy of thought:
His pow'rful tongue ſtill *Ceſar*'s wrath reſtrains,
And ſtill unrival'd o'er each heart he reigns.
Oft as I pleaſe, to *Pindus* I repair;
Say, O ye muſes! how tranſported there!
Old *Homer*, mounting on his daring *ſwan*,
Exalts my ſoul, and makes me more than *man*.
The *mantuan* bard with greater caution tries
To mount, and gains, by ſlow degrees, the ſkies.
Arms and the man diviner thoughts infuſe,
And pious greatneſs ſanctifies the muſe.
At leiſure now he calls us to the plain,
To ſport with ſhepherds, or with them complain:

Now

Now in his page the various seasons rise;
Here swains and flocks are scorcht by Summer's skies;
Here Winter casts her horrors wide around,
And stagnant streams in icy chains are bound.
Thus let me still my mind's whole strength apply,
And scan the past with retrospective eye;
Make all the labor of whole ages mine,
Content, if bright, with borrow'd rays to shine.

III. *The* HAPPY MAN.

HOW blest the man, who free from *Care* and *Strife*,
Leads not with *Luxury*, but *Content*, his life;
Who walks with *Health*, where *Temperance* points the way,
And joins with *Gratitude* to praise or pray;
From *Pleasure*'s cup, with just disdain who turns,
Nor yet for *Honor*'s glitt'ring pageant burns;
Who looks with pity, where pale *Avarice* pines,
O'er gems and gold yet ripening in the mines;
To fretful *Passion* leaves each childish toy,
And aims, with glorious pride, at *Reason*'s joy:
Who marks the wonders of creating pow'r,
From heaven's bright orb to earth's uncultur'd flow'r;
Sees Nature, taught of God, dispense her laws,
And traces all things backward to their cause:
To *Moral Science* higher still would rise,
And asks of *Sacred Wisdom* to be wise;

Yet

Yet ſtops where awful Myſt'ry draws the vail,
And truſts, where angels muſt of knowlege fail;
Whoſe eyes, turn'd inward, his own heart explore,
Try all its depths, and trace it o'er and o'er;
Who bounds the wand'ring wiſh, the tow'ring thought,
And toils to practiſe all that *Jeſus* taught;
Yet humbly conſcious that he toils in vain,
That nought can *Innocence* once loſt regain,
Looks up for aid divine, and truſts alone,
That heav'n's own off'ring ſhall his faults atone!
He, ſheath'd in heav'nly arms, ſhall ſtill prevail,
When *Sin* and *Satan* and the *World* aſſail.
No fabled *Egis*, *Faith*'s immortal *ſhield*
He lifts, and knows the *Spirit's ſword* to wield:
Salvation's helmet ſhall his brows defend,
And the fierce fight in *more than conqueſt* end.
In heav'n's high tow'rs his triumph is decreed,
And peace eternal is the heroe's meed.
How bleſt the mortal, who but falls to riſe,
Who fights on earth, to triumph in the ſkies!

IV. PHILEMON.

THE wily tempter vainly plies
A ſteady mind, reſolv'd and wiſe,
To own his lawleſs ſway.
The generous *Philemon*, ſee!
Dares to be *ſingular* and *free*,
While *ſervile crouds* obey.

Philemon

Philemon wisely countermines,
And baffles all his sly designs,
To gain him by surprise:
He smiles at all the little arts,
So prevalent on *vulgar* hearts,
Deceiv'd by fair disguise.

The *passions*, mercenary tribes,
Induc'd by hopes, of promis'd bribes,
In tumults fierce engage:
Peace, peace, be still, the hero cries,
'Tis only *vanity* and *lies*
Excite your frantic rage.

Pleasures but bloom an hour, and dy;
Wealth's useless superfluity,
And *honor*, empty sound:
A while 'tis toss't from tongue to tongue,
As humor prompts the old or young,
Then meets the fatal ground.

See *wealth!* see *fame!* which never dies,
See *pleasures* ever blooming rise
In *virtue*'s happy way:
Ah! fools, to slight substantial joys,
And barter *happiness* for *toys*,
Fine gold for painted clay.

The *mutineers* their clamors cease,
Obedience binds the gen'ral peace,
And faction growls no more:
So summer's gentle ev'ning breeze,
Soft-whisp'ring through the leafy trees,
Succeeds loud thunder's roar.

The foe, who built his hopes to win
On treach'rous partizans within,
His plots abortive found:
If that's the caſe, how vain's my ſtay!
He ſighing ſaid, and ſneakt away,
From brave *Philemon's* ground.

Thoſe who like thee, *Philemon*, ſtand,
Like thee their paſſions ſtill command,
Nought can their peace deſtroy:
The pow'rs of *earth* and *hell* combin'd,
Attempt in vain the ſteady mind,
To interrupt their joy.

V. *The* OLD ENGLISHMAN.

I'LL tell you why I love my *love*;
Becauſe her thouſand graces *prove*
Her worth is very high:
She's very fair, and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one ſo plain as I.

Wherever muſe has fir'd the ſtrain,
On Britiſh or on Tuſcan plain,
Delighted has ſhe *rov'd*;
Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage,
That animates the ſtoried page,
By Britiſh boſoms *lov'd*.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wise and good;
There ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
To wisdom's narrow bound:

Has learnt the flatt'ring paths to shun,
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare;
Has learnt that food, and clothes, and fire,
Fulfil wise Nature's plain desire;
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

Content with these, my GERALDINE
Has promis'd to be ever mine;
For well she knows my heart;
She knows it honest and sincere,
And much too open to appear
Beneath the vail of art.

She knows it pants for her alone;
That not the splendor of a throne
From her my steps could lure:
To-morrow gives to these fond arms
My GERALDINE in all her charms,
And makes my bliss secure.

VI. *The* MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

NO, no: by all the pow'rs above,
My heart's as little toucht by love,
As ever in my life.

Full

Full well, dear Hal, to thee is known
Whom fortune to my lot has thrown
To be my wedded wife.

But why I wed ſhould any aſk,
To anſwer is an eaſy taſk;
Want, want! my honeſt *Harry:*
What can a man, whoſe fortune's ſpent,
Who's mortgag'd to his utmoſt rent,
But drown, or ſhoot, or marry?

Of theſe, the beſt is ſure the bride:
For when once plung'd beneath the tide,
Adieu to all our figure.
Full ſudden is the piſtol's fate:
When once 'tis toucht, alas! too late
We wiſh undrawn the trigger.

'Tis thus reſolv'd then, honeſt boy:
To-morrow thou may'ſt wiſh me joy;
Joy will I buy by wiving:
Soon to her manſion, far from town,
Six rapid bays ſhall whirl us down,
As if the dev'l were driving.

There ſhall the briſk capacious bowl
Drown ev'ry care that haunts the ſoul,
And rouſe me to new life:
And, HAL, for all that ſhe can ſay,
Some blooming village-queen of May
Shall—wait upon my wife.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,
And ſpouſe has crown'd me with her ſtore,
Should ſudden ruin meet her;

Ev'n

Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
Unmov'd I'd ſtand amidſt the wreck,
Nor ſwear at heedleſs Peter.

VII. *The* FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why?
Is it that its quiv'ring light,
Dazzling, captivates your ſight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true;
Truſt me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware,
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.
Touch it, and 'tis inſtant fate;
Take my counſel ere too late:
Buz no longer round and round;
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morning, with the day
Riſe, and uſe your wings, you may;
Uſe them then, of danger clear;
Wait till morning; do, my dear.
Lo! my counſel nought avails:
Round, and round, and round it ſails;
Sails with idle *unconcern*—
Prithee, trifler, canſt thou *burn?*
Madly heedleſs as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why perſiſt?—I plead in vain:
Sing'd it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can?
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the fly, he raſhly tries
Pleaſure's burning ſphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution ſtill!
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I ſing, let pride apply:
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

VIII. LIFE.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours
Fair *Venus'* train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expected flow'rs
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
That untaught harmony of ſpring;
While whiſp'ring pleaſure, as they fly,
Cold zephyrs through the clear blue ſky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches reach
A broader, browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'ercanopies the glade;
Beſide ſome waters ruſhy brink
With me the muſe ſhall ſit and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardor of the croud,
How low, how indigent the proud;
How little are the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care,
The panting bird's repoſe:
Yet hark! how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honey'd ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhow their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing, gone as ſoon.

To Contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors dreſt;
Bruſht by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance,
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear, low-murm'ring now,
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets;
No love haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth has ſhone;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone:
We frolic while 'tis May.

IX. Morning.

IN the barn the tenant-cock,
Close to *Partlet* percht on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurst by Night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village-spire.

Now the pine-trees waving top
Gently greets the morning-gale!
And the new-wak'd kidlings crop
Dasies round the dewy dale.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the clay-built cottage-ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring!
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Lo, the busy bees, employ'd!
Restless till their task be done!
Now from sweet to sweet uncloy'd,
Sipping dew, before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
See the silver-stream distil!
Sweet refreshment for the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hill!

Ploughmen, for the promis'd corn,
Rip'ning o'er the banks of *Tweed*,
Anxious, hear the huntſman's horn,
Soften'd by the ſhepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh ſweet, the warbling throng,
On the white-embloſſom'd ſpray!
All is muſic, mirth, and ſong,
At the jocund dawn of day.

X. NOON.

FERVID now the ſun-beam glows,
Drinking deep the morning-gem:
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe,
To refreſh her parent-ſtem.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian-heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his graſſy ſeat.

See, the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheckt the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivi'd abbey-wall.

Echo in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Mid-way, in the marſhy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings;
Fearful, leſt the piercing beam
Scorch his ſoft, his ſilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd, ſerene, and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill!

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh-deſcending ſhow'r
Kindly cools the thirſty ground,
And revives each fainting flow'r.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green;
Now the warbler's throat in tune!
Blitheſome is the vernal ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

XI. Evening.

AS the plodding ploughman goes
Homeward, to the hamlet bound;
Giant-like his ſhadow grows,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

The ſteer along the meadow ſtrays
Free—the furrow'd taſk is done;
And the village-windows blaze,
Burniſht by the ſetting ſun.

Mark him, from behind the hill,
Streak the purple-painted ſky;
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dy?

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Round the time-decaying dome;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with vari'd tune,
Carols, to the evening, loud;
Mark the mild-reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit-howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake;
And the curling vapor creeps
O'er the lily-border'd lake.

As the trout, in ſpeckled pride,
Playful, from her boſom ſprings,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs
O'er the path-divided dale,
See the roſe-complexion'd laſs,
With the well-pois'd milking-pail!

Linnets,

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo-bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

XII. *The* SACRIFICE: *an epiſtle to* CELIA.

IF you, dear *Celia*, cannot bear,
The low delights that others ſhare;
If nothing will your palate fit,
But learning, eloquence, and wit;
Why, you may ſit alone, I ween,
Till you're devoured with the ſpleen.
But if variety can pleaſe,
With humble ſcenes and careleſs eaſe;
If ſmiles can baniſh melancholy,
Or Whimſy with its parent Folly;
If any joy in theſe there be,
I dare invite you down to me.
You know theſe little roofs of mine
Are always ſacred to the Nine;
This day we make a ſacrifice
To the Parnaſſian deities;
Which I am order'd by *Apollo*,
To ſhow you in the words that follow.
As firſt, we purge the hallow'd room,
With ſoft utenſil, call'd a *broom*;
And next for you a throne prepare,
Which vulgar mortals call a *chair*;

While zephyrs from an engine blow,
And bid the ſparkling cinders glow.
Then gather round the mounting flames,
The prieſteſs and aſſembled dames;
While ſome inferior maid ſhall bring
Clear water from the bubbling ſpring,
Shut up in vaſe of ſable dy,
Secure from each unhallow'd eye.
Fine wheaten bread you next behold,
Like that which *Homer* ſings of old;
And by ſome unpolluted fair,
It muſt be ſcorcht with wond'rous care.
So far 'tis done: and now behold
The ſacred veſſels—not of gold;
Of poliſht earth muſt they be made,
With painting curiouſly diſplay'd.
Theſe rites are paſt: and now muſt follow
The grand libation to *Apollo*,
Of juices drawn from magic weeds,
And pith of certain *indian* reeds.
For flow'r of milk the prieſteſs calls:
Her voice reechoes from the walls;
With hers the ſiſter-voices blend,
And with the od'rous ſteam aſcend.
Each fair-one now a ſibyl grows,
And ev'ry cheek with ardor glows;
And, though not quite beſide their wits,
Are ſeiz'd with deep prophetic fits:
Some by myſterious figures ſhow,
That *Celia* loves a ſhallow beau;
And ſome by ſigns and hints declare,
That *Damon* will not wed *Ziphair*.

Their neighbor's fortunes each can tell:
So potent is the mighty ſpell!
This is the feaſt, and this, my friend,
Are you commanded to attend:
Yes, at your peril. But adieu,
I've tired both myſelf and you.

PREFACE.

ADDRESSES.

I. *To Mr.* HARLEY, *wounded by* Guiſcard, 1711.

——————*ab ipſo*
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

IN one great Now, ſuperior to an age,
The full extremes of nature's force we find:
How heavenly virtue can exalt; or rage
Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand;
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Infixt, our dauntleſs BRITON ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

The barb'rous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
HARLEY, great counſellor! extends thy fame;
And the ſharp point of cruel *Guiſcard*'s knife,
In braſs or marble carves thy deathleſs name.

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
BRITAIN with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound;

She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws,
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A ſtranger to her altars and her land:
No ſon of hers could meditate the blow.

Meantime thy pain is gracious ANNA's care:
Our queen, our ſaint, with ſacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguiſh: in her pow'rful pray'r
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O breaſt bewail'd by earth, preſerv'd by *heaven!*
No higher can aſpiring Virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is *given.*

II. *To the Earl of* OXFORD, *when in the* Tower, *before his trial,* 1716.

In imitation of HORACE. III. 2.

HOW bleſt is he, who for his country dies!
Since death purſues the coward as he flies.
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
Though fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.
Virtue, repulſt, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honor ſhine;

Nor

Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff**, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where *Jove* a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who dy for meriting to live.
Next faithful ſilence has a ſure *reward*:
Within our breaſt be ev'ry ſecret *barr'd*.
He who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt?
Leſt with the wicked, heav'n involve the juſt.
And though the villain 'ſcape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

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III. *The Dedication of* PARNEL'S *Poems. To the Right Honorable* ROBERT *Earl of* OXFORD, *and Earl* MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes, thy once lov'd poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopt his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd and *mourn'd!*
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts, *adorn'd!*
Bleſt in each ſcience! bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the muſe, to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend:
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;

* A white *ſtaff* is the enſign of the lord-treaſurer's office.

Dextrous

Dextrous the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear;
A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear:
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſom days;
Still hear thy PARNEL in his living lays:
Who careleſs, now, of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or, deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance tri'd!
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
The rage of pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſarts thy retreat is made:
The muſe attends thee to the ſilent ſhade.
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace;
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Even now ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe!)
Even now, obſervant of the panting ray,
Eyes the calm ſunſet of thy various day;
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee;
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

IV. *To Mrs.* MARTHA BLOUNT, *on her Birth-day.*

OH, be thou bleſt with all that heaven can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend!
Not with thoſe toys the female race admire;
Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire*;
Not as the world its pretty ſlaves *rewards*,
A youth of frolics, and old age of *cards*;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end:
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Let joy or eaſe, let affluence or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear*;
Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or extaſy of joy.
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the *tomb*,
And wake to raptures in a life to *come!*

V. *To Lady* WINCHELSEA, *occaſioned by four verſes in the* RAPE OF THE LOCK.

IN vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe *Sappho*'s we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit;
But doom'd it then, when firſt *Ardelia* writ.
Of all examples by the world confeſt,
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the beſt;
Who, like her Miſtreſs on *Britannia*'s throne,
Fights and ſubdues, in quarrels not her own.
To write their praiſe, you but in vain eſſay;
E'en while you write, you take that praiſe away:
Like to the Stars the Sun does thus reſtore,
And ſhines himſelf, till they are ſeen no more.

VI. *Lady* WINCHELSEA'S *anſwer.*

DISARM'D with ſo genteel an air,
The conteſt I give o'er;
Yet, *Alexander*, have a care,
And ſhock the ſex no more.

We rule the world our life's whole race:
Men but aſſume that right;
Firſt ſlaves to ev'ry tempting face,
Then martyrs to our ſpite.

You of one *Orpheus* ſure have read,
Who would like you have writ;

Had

Had he in *London*-town been bred,
And poliſht to his wit.
But he, poor ſoul! thought all was well,
And great ſhould be his fame;
When he had left his wife in hell,
And birds and beaſts could tame.

Yet vent'ring then with ſcoffing rimes,
The women to incenſe;
Reſenting heroines of thoſe times
Soon puniſht his offence:

And as the *Hebrus* roll'd his *ſcull*,
And harp beſmear'd with blood;
They claſhing, as the waves grew *full*,
Still harmoniz'd the flood.

But you our follies gently rate,
And ſpin ſo fine the thread;
You need not fear his aukward fate:
The Lock won't coſt the head.

Our admiration you command,
For all that's gone before:
What next we look for at your hand,
Can only raiſe it more.

Yet ſooth the ladies I adviſe:
(As me too Pride has wrought)
We're born to wit; but to be wiſe
By admonition's taught.

VII. *To the Hon. Mrs.* Elizabeth Townſhend, *on her picture at* Rainham.

AH! cruel hand, that could ſuch pow'r employ,
To teach the pictur'd beauty to deſtroy!
Singly ſhe charm'd before; but by thy ſkill
The living beauty and her likeneſs kill:
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is ſeen, and charms in all!

Think then, O faireſt of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heav'nly face,
Whoſe very ſhadow can ſuch flames inſpire:
We ſee 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See! with falſe life the lovely image glows,
And ev'ry wond'rous grace tranſplanted ſhows:
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her ſhape, and multiplies our pains:
Hence the fond youth, that eaſe by abſence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at ev'ry wound.
Thus the bright *Venus*, though to heav'n ſhe ſoar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

O wond'rous pow'r of mingled light and ſhades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence perſwades;
Where paſſions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colors look a thought.
Rare art! on whoſe command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates!
Here crown'd with mountains Earth expanded lies;
There the proud ſeas with all their billows riſe!
If life be drawn, reſponſive to the thought,
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;

The

The mimic bird in ſkies fictitious *moves*,
Or fancied beaſts in imitated *groves*:
Even heaven it climbs, and from the forming hands,
An angel here, and there a TOWNSHEND ſtands.
Yet, painter, yet, though Art with Nature ſtrive,
Though even the lovely fantom ſeem alive;
Submit thy vanquiſht art! and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault.
Charms, ſuch as hers, inimitably great,
He only can expreſs, that can create.
Could'ſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colors rob the heavenly bow;
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee, herſelf more lovely ſtill.
Thus in the limpid fountain we deſcry,
The faint reſemblance of the glitt'ring ſky:
Another ſun diſplays his leſſen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd ſtreams;
But though the ſcene be fair, yet high *above*
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties *move*;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps diſplay
A deluge of inimitable day!

VIII. ELOISA *to* ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?

Why

Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mixt with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays:
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſom round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have *worn*;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid *thorn!*
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heav'n's, while Abelard has part;
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart:
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:

Now

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quencht th' unwilling flame;
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh! write me all, that I may *join*
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to *thine*.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare:
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue!
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it: give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretches aid,
Some baniſht lover, or ſome captive maid:
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.
Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precepts fail to *move*?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to *love*:

Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſt to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which Love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views *remove*;
Fame, wealth, and honor! what are you to *love?*
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Ceſar's empreſs would I daign to *prove*;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I *love*;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part;
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs, (if bliſs on earth there be,)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!

Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſt;
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the World farewel?
As with cold lips I kiſt the ſacred vail,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fixt but you:
Not grace, or zeal; love only was my call;
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſt;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view ſet all the bright *abode*,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for *God*.
Ah! think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains wild and deſarts led.

You

You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſart ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver-ſaints, by dying miſers *giv'n*,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited *Heav'n*:
But ſuch plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls, (their day's eternal bound,)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine Contentment rears;
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah! let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter *move*,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy *love*!
The darkſom pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills;
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,

Black

Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſadders all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling *floods*,
And breathes a browner horror on the *woods*.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, e'en then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſt within the ſlave of man and pain.
Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new:
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt offence;
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime *remove*,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from *love*?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.

Ere such a soul regain its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,—
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone; for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever *ev'n*;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to *Heav'n*.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away;
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatcht away;
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

O curst,

O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceit, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mold'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fixt repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint *forgiv'n*,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd *heav'n*.

Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands chect; religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou are cold—yet Eloïſa loves.

Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear idea's, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin-lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe ſighs;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and cries;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt *abode*,
Aſſiſt the Fiends, and tear me from my *God*!

No: fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long-lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly-fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say),
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd;
Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep:
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep;
Ev'n Superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!

Ah! no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand.
Preſent the croſs before my lifted eye;
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only *prove*
What duſt we dote on, when 'tis man we *love*.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance extatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name*,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver-ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!

* Abelard and Eloïſa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monaſtry of the Paraclete. He died in the year 1142, ſhe in 1163.

From the full choir when loud Hoſanna's *riſe*,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful *ſacrifice*;
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relics lie;
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from *heav'n*,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be *forgiv'n*.
And ſure, if Fate ſome future bard combine
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well,
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell:
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt!
He beſt can paint them, who ſhall feel them moſt.

IX. ABELARD *to* ELOISA.

IN my dark cell, low proſtrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found.
Too ſoon my ſoul the darling name confeſt;
My beating heart ſprung fiercely in my breaſt;
Through my whole frame a guilty tranſport glow'd,
And fighting torrents from my eyelids flow'd.
Oh ELOISA! and art thou ſtill the ſame?
Doſt thou ſtill nouriſh this deſtructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of Peace and *Heaven*,
From thy ſoft ſoul the fatal paſſion *driven*?
Alas! I thought thee diſengag'd and free;
And canſt thou ſtill, ſtill ſigh and weep for me?

What pow'rful Deity, what hallow'd shrine
Can save me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where shall I fly? when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged base the surging billows lave,
Can damp the memory of the dissolving scene,
Caves, billows, climates vainly intervene.
When my dread vows in vain enforce their law:
Oppos'd to Love, alas! what vows can awe?
In fruitless penitence I wear away
Each tedious night, and sad revolving day.
I fast, I pray; and with deceitful art
Vail thy dear image in my tortur'd heart:
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent—yet still I *love!*
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear:
For thou—not God—O Eloisa, art there.
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
No longer by its wand'ring fires misled;
In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I infuse,
And give the counsel I want pow'r to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
Have quencht each milder sparkle of my eyes:
Each lively feature of this once-lov'd face,
Chang'd by my grief, has now a sterner grace.
Oh Eloisa! should the Fates, once more,
Indulgent, to my view thy charms restore;
How from my arms would'st thou with horror start,
To miss the form familiar to thy heart!
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgement see
To speak me Abelard, but love of thee.
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and hagged care,
The dire attendants on forlorn despair,

Have

Have ABELARD the gay, the young, *removed*,
And in the hermit sunk the man you *loved*.
Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions spread,
The thorny paths of Penitence I tread.
Lost to the world, from all its interests free,
And torn from all my soul held dear—from thee!
Ambition and her frailties quite unknown,
All love, all forms forgot—but thine alone,
Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
My ELOISA rises to my sight.
Vail'd, as in *Paraclete*'s secluded tow'rs,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours:
I hear her sigh, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her woes, and pant for all her fears.
O vows! O convent! your stern face impart,
And frown the charming fantom from my heart.
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show:
Let other tears for sin repentant flow:
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my heaving soul.
Forgiving Pow'r! thy gracious call I meet!
Who first vouchsaf'd this rebel-heart to beat;
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends infus'd life's active flame.
O! change the temper of this lab'ring breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest.
Let springing faith, fair grace and hope *remove*
The fatal traces of destructive *love*.
Destructive Love from his warm mansion tear,
And leave no trait of ELOISA there.
Are these the wishes of my inmost soul?
Would I her softest tender'st sense controul?

Would I this toucht, this glowing heart refine,
To the cold ſubſtance of the marble-ſhrine;
Transform'd like theſe pale ſwarms that round me *move*,
Of bleſt inſenſibles that know not *love*?
Ah! rather let me feed this hapleſs flame:
Adieu falſe honor, unavailing fame.
Not your harſh rules, but tender Love ſupplies
The ſtreams that guſh from my deſpairing eyes.
I feel the traitor melt about my heart,
And through my veins with fatal influence dart.
Inſpire me, Heaven; aſſiſt me, Grace divine;
Aid me, ye Saints, unknown to crimes like mine.
Ye, who on earth ſevere, all griefs could *prove*;
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeleſs *Love*,
A holier rage, in your pure boſoms dwelt;
Nor can ye pity what ye never felt.
A ſympathiſing grief alone can cure:
The hand that heals, muſt feel what I endure.
Thou, ELOISE, alone canſt give releaſe,
And bid my ſtruggling ſoul ſubſide to peace.
Reſtore me to my long-loſt heaven of reſt,
And take thyſelf from my reluctant breaſt.
If crimes like mine could an allay *receive*,
That bleſt allay thy wond'rous charms might *give*.
Thy form that firſt my heart to love inclin'd,
Still wanders in my loſt, my lawleſs mind.
I ſaw thee as the new-blown bloſſoms fair,
Sprightly as Light, more ſoft than Summer's air:
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind diſcloſe,
Gay bluſhing on thy lips the fragrant roſe.
Wit, youth, and love in each dear feature *ſhone*:
Preſt by my fate I gaz'd, and was *undone*.

Theſe

These were the gen'rous fires, whose active flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame:
Nor fame, nor wealth my soften'd heart could *move*,
Dully insensible to all but *love*.
Snatcht from myself, my learning tasteless grew;
Vain my philosophy, oppos'd to you.

A train of woes succeed—nor should I pine,
The hour that cannot, ought not to be mine.
As once I sooth'd to love your yielding mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd;
To virtue now let me your breast inspire,
And fan with zeal divine the heavenly fire;
Teach you to injur'd Heaven, all-chang'd to turn,
And bid your soul with sacred raptures burn.
Oh! that my own example might impart
This noble warmth to your soft struggling heart;
That mine with pious undissembled care,
Could aid the latent virtue struggling there.

Alas! I rave—nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burn in a heart oppress with crimes like mine.
Too sure I find, while I the tortures *prove*
Of feeble piety and warring *love*;
On black despair my forc'd devotion's built;
Absence, for me, has sharper pains than guilt.
Yet, yet, my Eloise, thy charms I view;
Yet my sighs breathe, my tears pour forth for you;
Each weak resistance faster locks my chain;
I weep, love, sigh, despair, repent in vain.

Haste, Eloisa, haste, your lover free;
Amidst your warmest pray'rs, oh! think on me.
Wing with your rising zeal my groveling mind,
And let me mine from your repentance find.

Ah! labor, strive, your love, yourself controul;
The change will sure assist my kindred soul.
In blest content our purer sighs shall live,
And Heaven assisting will our crimes forgive,
But if unhappy, wretched, lost, in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain;
If still your heart its wonted passion *move*,
If still you speak all pains in one—you *love*;
Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of Death.

When that kind pow'r my captive soul shall free,
Which hardly then can cease to think on thee,
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The *Paraclete* my peaceful urn shall keep:
Then, Eloisa, then thy lover view;
See his quencht eyes no longer gaze on you;
From their dead orbs their tender utt'rance flown,
Which oft to thine my heart's soft tale made known;
This breast no more, at length to ease consign'd,
Pants like the wav'ring aspen in the wind;
See all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
And thou (amazing change!) belov'd no more.
Behold the destin'd end of human *love*:
But let the sight your zeal alone *improve*,
With pious care your fruitless grief restrain;
Nor let a tear your sacred vail profane.
Not even a sigh on my cold urn bestow;
But let your breast with new-born raptures glow.
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
And to your mind immortal joys be shown:
Let Heaven relenting strike your ravisht view;
And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew.

So

So with your crimes shall your misfortunes cease;
And your racks soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

X. *To the memory of Miss* FRAMPTON, *in the Abbey-church at* BATH.

BELOW this marble-monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celestial maid;
Preserve, O sacred tomb! thy trust consign'd;
The mold was made on purpose for the mind:
And she would lose, if at the latter day,
One atom could be mixt with other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such surprising grace;
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul!
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd;
Or, like the sun eclipst with shaded light,
Too piercing else to be sustain'd by sight,
Each thought was visible, that rul'd *within*,
As through a crystal-case the figur'd hours are *seen*;
And Heaven did this transparent vail provide,
Because she had no guilty thoughts to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not, find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.

Yet ſhe had learnt ſo much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd, ſhe ſcarce had more to know;
But only to refreſh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, that ſhe had not time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but ſeem'd confin'd to pray'r:
Yet, in ſuch charities ſhe paſt the day,
'Twas wond'rous how ſhe found an hour to pray.
A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind,
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind,
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

XI. *To the* RAMBLER. 1750.

WHen Vice and Folly, with their num'rous bands,
Once wav'd their enſigns o'er *Britannia*'s lands;
When fopp'ry, lewdneſs, and more daring crimes,
Were but the ſports and faſhions of the times;
Then learning, manners vaniſht; Virtue fled,
And in ſome milder region hid her head:
Till *Addiſon*, (a much renowned name,
Still to ſtand foremoſt in the liſts of fame)
With his embodi'd phalanx, clear'd the way,
Reſtor'd the goddeſs to her lawful ſway;
Bound Ignorance and Vice in brazen chains,
And drove pale Envy mutt'ring o'er the plains.
But, ah! how ſoon this glorious triumph paſt!
How ſoon our day with clouds was overcaſt!

Emerg'd

Emerg'd from Chaos, and the gloom of night,
Thoſe hated monſters ſoon renew'd the fight.
Happy for us! another champion ſhines,
Equal in genius and in great deſigns,
To combat Vice, howe'er ſhe changes place;
To flaſh his light'nings in each guilty face;
To paint fair Virtue's awful ſtriking mien,
Who, to be lov'd, needs only to be ſeen;
To fix her empire and confirm her throne,
With ſingle arm and vigor all his own.
Proceed, great RAMBLER, and, with manly fire,
War againſt crimes, and ſtill bid Guilt retire;
Till, the deteſted fiends ſhall ſhun the light,
Sunk in the ſhades of their primeval night.

DIDAC-

DIDACTIC ESSAYS.

I. A New Prologue to Comus*.

YE patriot-crouds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's
Name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring times,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,
That never Briton can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come.
With ardent haste, each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name.

* Spoken by Mr. Garrick, Thursday, April 5, 1750, at the representation of Comus, for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, Milton's grand-daughter, and only surviving descendant.

DIDACTIC ESSAYS.

I. *A* New Prologue *to* Comus.*

YE patriot-crouds, who burn for *England's* fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at *Milton's* name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rimes,
Shames the mean pensions of *Augustan* times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble mind to warm
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,
That never BRITON can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
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He-

He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below.
While crouds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold;
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow decay.
What tho' ſhe ſhine with no MILTONIAN fire,
No fav'ring muſe her morning-dreams inſpire?
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage;
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age:
Hers the mild merits of domeſtic life;
The patient ſuff'rer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in *Britannia*'s arms,
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert—beyond the grave!

II. PROLOGUE *ſpoken by Mr.* GARRICK*.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal SHAKESPEAR roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:

* At the opening of the theatre in *Drury-lane*, 1747.

His

His pow'rful ſtrokes preſiding Truth impreſt,
And unreſiſted Paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.

Then JOHNSON came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays:
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the general doom;
But left, like *Egypt*'s kings, a laſting tomb.

The wits of *Charles* found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for JOHNSON's art, or SHAKESPEAR's flame:
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt, they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet Bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong,
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the poſt that Senſe betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then cruſht by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From Bard, to Bard, the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd, while Paſſion ſlept.
Yet ſtill did Virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, tho' Nature fled;
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great *Fauſtus* lay the ghoſt of wit:
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day;
And pantomime, and ſong, confirm'd her ſway.

But who the coming changes can prefage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?—
Perhaps if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New *Behns*, new *Durfeys*, yet remain in ſtore.
Perhaps, where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* di'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride.
Perhaps, for who can gueſs th' effects of chance?
Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance.
Hard is his fate, that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of Taſte,
With ev'ry meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice.
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd Nature, and reviving Senſe;
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth, and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenic Virtue form the riſing age,
And Truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

III. *To a* FRIEND *about to publiſh a volume of Miſcellanies.*

SINCE now, all ſcruples caſt away,
Your works are riſing into day;
Forgive, though I preſume to ſend
This honeſt counſel of a friend.
Let not your verſe, as verſe now goes,
Be a ſtrange kind of meaſur'd proſe;
Nor let your proſe, which ſure is *worſe*,
Want nought but meaſure to be *verſe*.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muſe by imitation:
For copies ſhow, howe'er expreſt,
A barren genius at the beſt.
But Imitation's all the mode:
Yet where one hits, ten miſs the road.
The mimic-bard with pleaſure ſees
Mat. Prior's unaffected eaſe;
Aſſumes his ſtile, affects a ſtory,
Sets every circumſtance before ye;
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And "mars a curious tale in telling;"
Obſerves how EASY *Prior* flows,
Then runs his numbers down to proſe.
Others have ſought the filthy ſtews,
To find a dirty ſlip-ſhod Muſe.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-ſew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rime expoſes,
Diſguſtful to our eyes and noſes;

With

With many a——dash that must offend us,
And much * * * * * *
* * *hiatus* non *deflendus!*
O *Swift!* how would'st thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee?

This, *Milton* for his plan will choose;
In what resembling *Milton*'s Muse?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along,
In all the majesty of song:
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep;
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard-bowl.
The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid-verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy *Milton*'s stile?
His faults religiously ye trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say whence can it proceed?)
Who copy *Milton*, e'er succeed!
But all their labors are in vain;
And wherefore so? The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, choose
To woo the gentle *Spenser*'s Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream:

Fiction and truth he cloſe combines
Through a long waſte of ſlimſy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong Muſe takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er ſhe ſings of PEERLESS WIGHTS,
Of DENS, of PALFREYS, SPELLS, and KNIGHTS!
Till allegory, *Spenſer*'s vail
T'inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale,
With him's no *vail* the truth to ſhroud;
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of POPE;
Satyr's the word, againſt the times.
Theſe catch the cadence of his rimes,
And born from earth by *Pope*'s ſtrong wings,
Their Muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In theſe the ſpleen of *Pope* we find;
But where the greatneſs of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eyes ſhe views;
Round whom *Apollo*'s brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſht blaze;
Some few, my friend, have ſweetly *trod*
In IMITATION'S dang'rous *road*.
Long as TOBACCO's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room;
Oft as in elbow-chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes;

So

So long, O * Brown, shall thy justice,
Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays,
And whosoe'er thy verse shall sue,
Shall fill another PIPE to thee.

IV. EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of *Taste*
Has laid the walk of Genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry, in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence! but wants credit,
Because I find a Poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True Genius will be Genius still.
And say, that horse would you *prefer*,
Which wants a bridle, or a *spur*?

* *Isaac-Hawkins Brown*, Esquire, Author of a Piece called *The* PIPE *of* TOBACCO, an incomparable imitation of six different Poets.

The

The mettled steed may lose his pride,
The jade grow callous to your kicks.
Had *Shakespear* crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools,
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation;
Or garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd;
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond its border.
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years:
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its very summit in the clouds,
While round its root still loves to twine
The ivy and wild eglantine.
But *Shakespear*'s all-creative fancy
Made others love extravagancy;
While *cloud-capt* nonsense was their aim;
Like *Hurlothrumbo*'s mad Lord *Flame*.
True:—who can stop dull imitators,
Those younger brothers of translators?
Those insects, which from Genius rise,
And buz about, in swarms, like flies?
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rime
Sought *Shakespear*'s fancy and sublime,
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of *Pope*.
But *Pope* and *Shakespear* both disclaim
These low retainers to their fame.

What taſk can Dulneſs e'er affect
So eaſy, as to write correct?
Poets, 'tis ſaid, are ſure to ſplit
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miſs the mark, and follow neither;
They ſo exactly poiſe the ſcale,
That neither meaſure will prevail;
And mediocrity the Muſe
Did never in her ſons excuſe.
'Tis true their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern *Taſte*,
And ev'ry ſenſeleſs line is dreſt
In quaint expreſſion's tinſel-veſt.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A *Monſieur* Barber in the ſtreet,
Whoſe ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of *Dreſden*-laces;
While, for the body, *Monſieur* Puff
Would think e'en *dowlas* fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rimes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes;
For lace and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
Howe'er they deck the outward frame,
The inner ſkeleton's the ſame.

But ſhall theſe wretches bards commence,
Without or ſpirit, taſte, or ſenſe?
And, when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure?

Or do I ſcorn the critics' rules,
Becauſe I will not learn of fools?
Although *Longinus'* full-mouth'd proſe
With all the force of Genius glows;
Though *Dionyſius'* learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who like a ſkilful, wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhows how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul
From a juſt compact of the whole;
Though judgement in *Quintilian's* page
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain;
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a Genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks,
Damn with the name of het'rodox:
Theſe butchers of a poet's fame,
While they uſurp the Critic's name,
Cry, This is *Taſte*—that's my opinion;
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you ſeen, with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to be there,
Harangue an hour on watchman's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry: You'll ſuffer for your daring,
And damn you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing;
Then, turning, tell th' aſtoniſht ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

V. VENUSES *advice to the* MUSES.

THUS to the MUSES ſpoke the cyprian dame:
Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My ſon ſhall elſe aſſume his potent darts!
Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts.
The MUSES anſwer'd VENUS; We deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride:
Send him to nymphs who ſleep in *Ida*'s ſhade;
To the looſe dance, and wanton maſkerade.
Our thoughts are ſettled, and intent our look,
On the inſtructive verſe, and moral book;
On female idleneſs his pow'r relies,
But when he finds us ſtudying hard, he flies.

VI. *To* BEAU BUTTERFLY: *a ſimile.*

A Coffeehouſe——a parrot-cage,
Holds many a glaring bird,
That prattles all its trifling age,
Without a meaning word.
A chaos of disjointed things
Still roving in his brain,
He talks of counteſſes and kings,
Of aſſes' milk, and *Spain*;
Of faſhions, *France*, and *Flanders'* mares,
Aſſemblies, cards, and plays;
Of ſword-knots, ſnuff and ſolitaires,
Intrigues, and wedding-days.

Ah!

Ah! pretty prattling empty thing!
Neglect thy gaudy dreſs;
Upon the mind more glances fling,
And prune thy perſon leſs.

Boaſt not that thus you outward ſhine,
At folly's vain expence;
Lament the fate that made thee fine,
And did not give thee ſenſe.

Then wiſely learn thyſelf to know:
Paſt trifling hours recall;
And let thy talk from reaſon flow,
Or do not talk at all.

VII. *To a* COQUET: *a ſong.*

WHEN a nymph at her toilet has ſpent the whole day,
To ſhine in brocade at a ball or a play;
Her rival the butterfly, vain to exceſs,
May be juſtly more proud, if there's merit in dreſs.

The purple and gold in his plumage diſplay'd,
Than velvet's more ſoft, and more gay than brocade:
But, with all this advantage of dreſs, you may ſee,
That the butterfly ſtill is leſs lov'd than the bee.

For the bee, though he ſhines with no purple and gold,
We provide a good lodging to fence from the cold:
For his honey we love him, although he will ſting,
And deſpiſe the gay inſects that flutter and ſing.

And hence the coquet this plain leſſon may find,
That the uſeful alone are the lov'd of mankind!
Let the fooliſh and vain at the toilet ſtill vy,
In the fruitleſs endeavor to rival a fly!

Which if they could do, like the fly, for a day,
By fools they'd be play'd with, and then thrown away.
Let me, like the bee, ev'ry moment improve,
And merit a love which no time ſhall remove.

VIII. *The* COMPARISON.

THUS *Mira* cries out, in a pet; I declare,
The ſpinnet's rude diſcord no mortal can bear:
'Tis ſo much out of tune, that I wiſh it at *York*,
I could make as much muſic by twanging a fork.

That fellow! I gave him a crown t'other day;
But I ſwear, I as well might have thrown it away;
He ſhall never again thrum it here, I proteſt;
But, that thus he would ſerve me, pray who could have gueſt?

Thus the fair-one exclaim'd, when a friend, who ſtood by,
To the fable ſhe ſpoke, did this moral apply:
Dear *Mira*, reflect on the ſpinnet; you'll find,
That the inſtrument is but a type of your mind.

When unruffled by paſſion, you ſmile and look gay;
When good-ſenſe and good-nature direct what you ſay;
The concord ſo charming with tranſport alarms,
And we liſten delighted while melody charms:

But

But if anger's harſh diſcord once grates on the ſenſe,
Like a ſpinnet untun'd, it muſt give us offence.
Thus, *Mira*, what now you too haſtily blame,
Reproves you, and ſhows that your fault is the ſame.

IX. *The* WAY TO KEEP HIM: *a ſong.*

YE fair married dames, who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſt is a lover no more;
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh, what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roſes and lilies may make the men ſigh:
But roſes, and lilies, and ſighs paſs away;
And paſſion will dy, as your beauties decay.

Uſe the man that you wed, like your fav'rite *guittar*:
Though muſic in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Nor handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The *ſparrow* and *linnet* will feed from your hand;
Grow tame by your kindneſs, and come at command;
Exert with your huſband the ſame happy ſkill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humor'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:
'Tis there that a wife may her conqueſts *improve*,
And HYMEN ſhall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

X. *A* HINT *to the* FAIR.

YE fair poſſeſt of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will,
Whoſe ſmiles can Rage herſelf diſarm,
Whoſe frowns at once can kill:
Say, will ye daign the verſe to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An humble verſe, that flows ſincere,
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r, and greater yet,
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all would make a cage.
Each nymph a thouſand hearts might take:
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Without the ſtrength to bind?

Attend the counſel often told,
Too often told in vain!
Learn that beſt art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain:
Gameſters to little purpoſe win,
Who loſe again as faſt;
Though beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

XI. *To a young Lady with a* SPINNING-WHEEL.

SILVIA! with the wheel I ſend,
Take the hints 'twas form'd to lend.
Emblem this of life is found,
While you turn it round and round.
All the years that roll away,
Are but circles of a day;
Still the ſame, and ſtill renew'd,
While ſome diſtant good's purſu'd;
Diſtant, for we're never bleſt
Till the lab'ring wheel's at reſt.
Then the various thread is ſpun;
Then the toil of life is done.
Happy! if the running twine
Form'd a ſmooth and even line;
Not a foul, and tangled clue,
Not untimely ſnapt in two.
Then the full reward is ſure,
Reſt that ever ſhall endure;
Reſt to happineſs refin'd;
Bliſs of body and of mind!

XII. *To* MIRA *with a painted* FAN.

On one ſide an old woman reading with ſpectacles, her crutch ſtanding by her; on the reverſe, Virtue *in a rich-wrought, but looſe, robe, looking upward, and giving alms, in an inclining poſture, to a beggar on the ground.*

MIRA! take this painted fan:
Of it make the moſt you can.
When it riſes, full diſplay'd,
To ſupply the cooling ſhade,
Read theſe maxims there expreſt:
Shade for man is *ſometimes* beſt!
Life would yield but ſmall delight,
Were the ſcene *for ever* bright.

When the chearing breeze it ſends,
Think on whom your breath depends!
Think, that bliſs and life would fail,
But for Providence's gale!

If, to mock the *ſtarer*'s eyes,
And conceal a bluſh, it riſe;
Thus reflect behind the ſcene:
Will my actions need a ſcreen,
When diſplay'd to *ev'ry* eye?
Or will heav'n a ſcreen ſupply?

In that aged face you'll ſee
What ere long your *own* may be:
Learn from ev'ry wrinkle there,
Time's a foe to all that's fair.

By thoſe ſpectacles you'll read,
What your *orbs* may *one day* need.

From

From that crutch this hint purſue:
I may need ſupporting too.
Turn it then to *Virtue*'s ſide,
View her form; (but ſtretch it wide!)
Virtue, if ſhe's painted right,
Beſt appears, when *moſt in ſight*,
Rich her robe! and this implies,
Wealth is *ſometimes* Virtue's prize.
All with curious foliage wrought;
Hence her *induſtry* be taught;
Looſely flowing, to expreſs
Negligence of mode and dreſs.
Yet, though looſely flows the veſt,
Claſpt, with care, acroſs her breaſt!
Mira wants not to be told,
Virtue's *free*, but never *bold*.
Think that placid ſmile reveals
Joys which Virtue only feels;
Think that eaſy, open, air
Speaks the *unaffected* fair.
See! ſhe drops her alms *inclin'd*;
This denotes her *humble* mind;
Upwards that ſhe turns her eye,
Hints her portion in the ſky.
Show, by folding the machine,
Virtue *may* exiſt *unſeen*.

XIII. *To* MIRA, *with a repeating*-WATCH.

MIRA! this machine, you'll find,
Suits a moraliſing mind.
Has it *motion?* 'tis as clear,
Action is *man's proper* ſphere.
Equal ſhould its progreſs prove,
So through life let *Mira* move.
When you forward urge its pace,
Think it may be *Mira's* caſe:
In my paſſage to the ſky,
Have I *linger'd?*—let me *fly!*
Backwards are the *hands* convey'd,
To the points whence late they ſtray'd?
Bluſh not, *Mira!* to *untread*
Steps that *wiſdom* never led.
If it *ſtand*, reflecting ſay:
Time for no *machine* will ſtay:
Heav'n *obſerves*; and will it find
Mira with him or *behind?*
Mark its *hands*, with thanks to heav'n,
For each *hour* and *minute* giv'n;
Giv'n as *means* to make us *wiſe*;
Giv'n to *form* us for the *ſkies*.
Falſe if *either hand* be view'd,
Some internal fault conclude:
Thus if *Mira's life* ſhould ſin,
Let her *firſt* reform *within*.
When it *ſtrikes* the hour, admit
Silence is not *always* fit.
Ev'ry day its taſk purſu'd,
Hints how *thine* muſt be *renew'd*.

Say,

Say, when *winding up*: Alas!
Human wheels, like those of *brass*,
Soon their functions must forego,
Nought if *foreign* hand bestow.
If, *all day*, it acted *right*,
When she hangs it by at night,
Then let *Mira* ask her heart:
How have I perform'd my part?
If it *err'd*, let *Mira* pray:
Heav'n, forgive my faults to-day.
For its *use*, my present prize;
All besides *neglect*—*despise*.
Shine its trinkets as they will,
Trinkets are but trinkets still.
Mira! when at court array'd
All in *jewels* and brocade,
If at heart no *merit*-dwell,
If no *deeds* that merit tell;
Though a *Lord* should smile, or *King*,
Thou'rt a glitt'ring useless thing.
If, whate'er its *present* praise,
All its pow'r to *serve* decays;
Means to mend it *vainly* tri'd,
When you cast it from your side;
On a life of virtue *past*
Joyful retrospection cast:
But let *Mira* think *again*,
Only virtue *past* were vain;
Perseverance, till we *dy*,
Wins the *christian crown* on high.

XIV. *To*

XIV. *To a young* LADY.

LET others prize a form complete,
And ſing the face where beauties meet,
And praiſe a public toaſt:
'Tis not of thoſe we mean to tell,
Since inward graces far excel
Whate'er the face can boaſt.

'Tis virtue, virtue we adore,
Than all the gifts of fortune more,
Or all this world can give;
Virtue adorns the human mind:
'Tis virtue beautifies mankind,
And points the way to live.

What boots a face from freckles free?
Or what the cheeks where we may ſee
Ten thouſand graces riſe?
Beauty's, alas! a fading flow'r,
That comes and goes, within an hour;
That lives, by turns, and dies.

What then avails a painted face?
Or what a ſhape, with ev'ry grace,
That's delicately fine?
Beauties like theſe to time give way,
They laſt but one ſhort flying day;
No more then yours than mine.

Learn hence, my fair, then wiſely *learn*
With juſt contempt the girl to *ſpurn*,
Whoſe worth we no-where find:

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe the giddy thoughtleſs maid,
Who prizes beauty that muſt fade,
Regardleſs of her mind.

Go, wiſer thou, improve thy mind,
With all the virtues thou canſt find,
And ev'ry ſocial grace:
Learn thou t'adorn thy growing ſenſe,
The gen'rous gift of Providence!
And leave to heaven thy face.

No longer then, ye lovely fair,
With pride regard your flowing hair,
Or neck, or eyes, or noſe.
Remember outward graces fade,
And oh! the faireſt, lovelieſt, maid
Falls like the bluſhing roſe.

XV. AUTUMN.

I At my window ſit, and ſee
Autumn his ruſſet fingers lay
On ev'ry leaf of ev'ry tree;
I call: but *Summer* will not ſtay.

She flies, the boaſting goddeſs flies,
And, pointing where th' eſpaliers ſhoot,
Deſerve my parting gift, ſhe cries,
I take the *leaves*, but not the *fruit*.

Let me the parting gift improve,
And emulate the juſt reply,

As

As life's ſhort ſeaſons ſwift remove,
Ere fixt in *Winter*'s froſt I ly.

Health, beauty, vigor, now decline,
The pride of *Summer*'s ſplendid day,
Leaves, which the ſtem muſt ſoon reſign,
The mournful prelude of decay.

But let fair Virtue's *fruit* remain,
Though *Summer* with my *leaves* be fled,
Then, not deſpis'd, I'll not complain,
But cheriſh *Autumn* in her ſtead.

XVI. *The* FALL *of the* LEAF.

We all do fade as a leaf. Iſaiah lxiv. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground,
Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling,
In a ſad and ſolemn ſound:

Sons of *Adam*, once in *Eden*,
When, like us, he blighted fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much preſuming,
On your boaſted white and red,
View us late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping miſers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care!

Fled

Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honor, fed on praiſes,
Flutt'ring high in fanci'd *worth*:
Lo! the fickle air that raiſes,
Brings us down to parent *earth*.

Learned ſophs, in ſyſtems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Ceaſe at length, by us perſwaded;
Ev'ry leaf muſt have its fall.

Youths, though yet no loſſes grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudleſs ſkies deceive you:
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable ſires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
Think amid your falling glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in your courſe *returning*,
Meſſengers of ſhorteſt ſtay,
Thus we preach this truth *concerning*:
Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be ſtay'd;
Which alone, for ever vernal
Bears a leaf that ſhall not fade.

XVII. PYTHA-

XVII. PYTHAGORASES *golden verſes.*

FIRST, the great *Gods* thy utmoſt rev'rence claim:
Uſe with religious aw their ſacred name.
Aſſur'd they view thy ways, let nought controul
The oath thou once haſt bound upon thy ſoul.
Next, to the *Heroes* bear a grateful mind,
Whoſe gen'rous cares and toils have bleſt mankind.
Let juſt reſpect in decent rites array'd
To the immortal *Manes* ſtill be paid.
Honor thy *Parents*, and the next of kind,
And *virtuous men* in equal bond combin'd.
Uſeful and ſteady let thy life proceed;
Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed.
Oh! never, with the man thou lov'ſt, contend;
But bear a thouſand frailties from thy *friend*.
Raſhly enflam'd, vain ſpleen, and ſlight ſurmiſe,
To real feuds and endleſs diſcords riſe.
O'er luſt, o'er anger, keep the ſtricteſt rein:
Subdue thy ſloth, thy appetite reſtrain.
With no vile action venture to comply;
No: though unſeen by ev'ry mortal eye,
Above all witneſſes thy *Conſcience* fear,
And more than all mankind thyſelf revere.
One way let all thy words and actions tend,
Reaſon their conſtant guide, and *Truth* their end.
And ever mindful of thy mortal ſtate,
How quick, how various are the turns of fate;
How here, how there the tides of fortune roll;
How ſoon impending death concludes the whole;

Compoſe

Compoſe thy mind; and free from anxious ſtrife,
Endure thy portion of the ills of life:
Though ſtill the *good-man* ſtands ſecure from harms,
Nor can Misfortune wound whom Virtue arms.
Diſcourſe in common converſe, thou wilt find,
Some to improve, and ſome to taint thy mind:
Grateful to *that* a due obſervance pay;
Beware leſt *this* entice thy thoughts aſtray;
And untruths hold, which thou art forc'd to hear,
Receive diſcreetly with a patient ear.
Would'ſt thou be juſtly rankt among the wiſe?
Think, ere thou do; ere thou reſolve, adviſe.
Still let thy aims with thy experience ſquare,
And plan thy conduct with ſagacious care.
So ſhalt thou all thy courſe with pleaſure run,
Nor wiſh an action of thy life undone.
Among the various ends of thy deſires,
'Tis no inferior place thy *Health* requires.
Firmly for this from all exceſs refrain;
Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain.
Nor yet inelegant thy board ſupply;
But ſhun the nauſeous pomp of luxury.
Of ſpleen by chearful converſe, ſtem the flood:
Let honeſt labor purify thy blood.
Each night, ere needful ſlumber ſeal thy eyes,
Home to thy ſoul let theſe reflexions riſe:
How has to-day my duty been expreſt?
What have I done, omitted, or tranſgreſt?
Then mourn the moments thou haſt idly ſpent:
The reſt will yield thee comfort and content.
Be theſe good rules thy ſtudy and delight;
Practiſe by day, and ponder them by night.

Thus

Thus all thy thoughts to *Virtue*'s height ſhall riſe,
And *Truth* ſhall ſtand unvail'd before thy eyes:
Of beings the whole ſyſtem ſhalt thou ſee,
Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony;
Whilſt all depend from *one* ſuperior Cauſe,
And *Nature* works obedient to her laws.
Hence, as thou labor'ſt with judicious care,
To run the courſe allotted to thy ſhare,
Wiſdom, refulgent with a heav'nly ray,
Shall clear thy proſpect, and direct thy way.
Then all around compaſſionately view
The wretched ends which vain mankind purſue:
Toſt to and fro by each impetuous guſt,
The rage of paſſion, and the fire of luſt;
No certain ſtay, no ſafe retreat they know,
But blindly wander through a maze of woe.
Meanwhile congenial vileneſs works within,
And Cuſtom quite ſubdues the ſoul to ſin.
Save us from this diſtreſs, almighty *Jove!*
Our minds illumine, or our ills *remove*.
But oh! ſecure from all, thy life is led,
Whoſe feet the happy paths of *Virtue* tread:
Thou ſtand'ſt united to the race divine,
And the perfection of the Gods is thine;
Imperial Reaſon, free from all controul,
Maintains her juſt dominion in thy ſoul;
Till purg'd at length from ev'ry ſinful ſtain,
When friendly Death ſhall break the cumbrous chain,
Loos'd from thy body thou ſhalt take thy flight,
And range immortal in the fields of light.

XVIII. KNOW THYSELF.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropt by wild atoms in diſorder'd dance?
Or from an endleſs chain of cauſes wrought,
And of unthinking ſubſtance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cauſe,
Supremely wiſe, without deſign or laws?
Am I but what I ſeem, mere fleſh and blood;
A branching channel with a mazy flood?
The purple ſtream that through my veſſels glides,
Dull and unconſcious flows like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices ſtray,
Are that ſame thinking I, no more than they.
This frame compacted with tranſcendant ſkill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurſt from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and waſtes; I call it mine, not me:
New matter ſtill the mold'ring maſs ſuſtains;
The manſion chang'd, the tenant ſtill remains;
And from the fleeting ſtream, repair'd by *food*,
Diſtinct, as is the ſwimmer from the *flood*.
What am I then? ſure, of a nobler birth,
By parents right, I own as mother, earth;
But claim ſuperior lineage by my ſire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:
Eſſence divine, with lifeleſs clay allay'd,
By double nature, double inſtinct ſway'd;

With

With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native ſky;
I ſtrive to mount, but ſtrive, alas! in vain,
Ti'd to this maſſy globe with magic chain.
Now with ſwift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centers roll:
What pow'rs conduct, their motions undeſtroy'd,
Through the ſame trackleſs paths of boundleſs void!
I trace the blazing comet's firy trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a ſcale:
Theſe godlike thoughts, while eager I purſue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an inſect, of the meaneſt kind,
Eraſe the new-born image from my mind;
Some beaſtly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning maſtif at my gate,
Cuts off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.
If on ſublimer wings of love and praiſe,
My ſoul above the ſtarry vault I raiſe;
Lur'd by ſome vain conceit or ſhameful luſt,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the duſt.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty ſtrain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley-grain.
Impell'd by jarring inſtincts' adverſe hoſt,
I rove to one, now to the other coaſt:
To bliſs unknown my lofty ſoul aſpires,
My lot unequal to my vaſt deſires.
As 'mongſt the hinds a child of royal birth,
Finds his high pedigree by conſcious worth;
So man, amongſt his fellow-brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd:

Pity

Pity him, beaſts! ye, by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths, by being blind;
While man, through opening views of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowlege ſtrays;
Too weak to chooſe, yet chooſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte;
Bilkt by paſt minutes, while the preſent cloy,
The flatt'ring future ſtill muſt give the joy.
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And, like you, thoughtleſs of his laſt abode,
Whether next ſun his being ſhall reſtrain
To endleſs nothing, happineſs or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking, thoughtleſs crew,
Bewilder'd each, their diff'rent paths purſue:
Of them I aſk the way; the firſt replies,
Thou art a god, and ſends me to the ſkies.
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beaſt,
There fix thy lot, thy reſt, and endleſs feaſt.
Between theſe wide extremes the length is ſuch,
I find I know too little, or too much.
Almighty pow'r, by whoſe moſt wiſe command,
Helpleſs, forlorn, uncertain here I ſtand;
Take this faint glimm'ring of thyſelf away,
Or break into my ſoul with perfect day.
This ſaid, expanded lay the ſacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of ſouls perplext!
Thus the benighted traveller, that ſtrays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays;
The mighty miſt, and thick-deſcending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
O truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and gueſs no more, but ſee my way;

Thou clear'ſt the ſecret of my high deſcent,
And tell'ſt me what thoſe myſtic tokens meant;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly ſages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain *Epicurus*' ſchemes,
Their ſyſtems falſe, deluſive were their dreams;
Unſkill'd my *twofold* nature to divide,
One nurſt my pleaſure, and one nurſt my pride:
Theſe jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy ſacred page thus bids me reconcile.
Offspring of God! no leſs thy pedigree;
What thou once wert, art now, and ſtill may'ſt be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree.
Faultleſs thou dropt'ſt from his unerring ſkill,
With the bare pow'r to ſin, ſince free of will;
Yet charge not with the guilt, his bounteous *love:*
For who has pow'r to walk, has pow'r to *rove:*
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deſerve;
And wiſdom ſhort of infinite may ſwerve.
Born on thy new-impt wings, thou took'ſt thy flight,
Left'ſt thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Diſdain'd'ſt his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought'ſt to grow a god by doing ill.
Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy manſions chas'd,
Thou ſtill retain'ſt ſome ſparks of heavenly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet reſtleſs to aſpire;
Angel enough to ſeek thy bliſs again,
And brute enough to make thy ſearch in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly uſe;
Some fly thee, ſome torment, and ſome ſeduce;

Repaſt

Repaſt that ill ſuch diff'rent gueſts ſuſtains:
For what thy ſenſe deſires, thy ſoul diſdains.
Thy luſt, thy curioſity, thy pride,
Curb'd or deferr'd, or balkt or gratifi'd,
Rage on, and render thee alike unbleſt,
In what thou want'ſt, and what thou haſt poſſeſt.
In vain thou hop'ſt for bliſs on this poor clod:
Return, and ſeek thy Father and thy God.
Yet think not to regain thy native ſky,
Born on the wings of vain philoſophy;
Myſterious paſſage! hid from human eyes;
Soaring you ſink, and ſinking you will riſe.
Let humble thoughts your wary footſteps guide:
Repair by meekneſs what you loſt by pride.

XIX. *Man's* APPAREL.

PARENT of arts, young Nature's firſt ally,
Was hard Neceſſity; ſhe taught to try
Each doubtful path, where Reaſon's glimm'ring ray
Scarce ſhone, and Hope ſcarce promis'd brighter day:
Yet urg'd by her, our buſy ſires began
The ſocial, moral, ſcientific plan;
Till ſyſtems ſprung from works which Uſe inſpir'd,
And Uſe completed what mere Want requir'd.
From this firſt cauſe, immediate need, aroſe
The robes of nobles, and the dreſs of beaux:
Their common father felt the chilling blaſt,
And only ſought to ſhun it as it paſt.

For this they rang'd, and tore the reeking hide
(Firſt won by conqueſt) from the panther's ſide.
Increaſing need the warmer fleece ſurvey'd,
And Art ſubſervient wrought in Nature's aid:
Yet coarſe the texture was, and rude the frame;
The gloſſy web from long experience came;
Still longer trials could alone ſupply
The glowing purple, and the crimſon dy.
Such ſlow progreſſion markt each due degree;
Firſt Want, then Prudence, Pleaſure, Luxury.
But let not Satyr too ſeverely chide;
Pomp has her uſes, and her merits Pride:
To Virtue, *that* her due diſtinction gives;
Through *this*, induſtrious Emulation lives.

To him, meanwhile, who ſeeks the middle way,
The Muſe directs her monitory lay.
Be his the care to temper each extreme,
More ſtudious what to be, than what to ſeem;
Quick to diſcern advantage from pretence,
His ſtandard Decency, his taſte Good-ſenſe.
If graver Care to ſcenes of bus'neſs call,
Where Trade enriching each gives bliſs to all;
His graver cares his habit will expreſs,
Plain, unaffected decency of dreſs.

If rural joys uſurp with weaning pow'r
His calmer purpoſe, and more vacant hour;
For this apparell'd as becomes the need,
He'll rove uncumber'd o'er the flow'ry mead;
Wrapt in the nappy frieze, unheeding view,
The morn's hoar-froſt, and even's falling dew;
Or fitly arm'd amid the hunting train,
Urge the ſwift ſtag that bounds along the plain.

If tyrant Love, who o'er the young and gay,
Exerts more ſoft, but not leſs ſov'reign ſway,
Dooms him a ſlave at Beauty's ſhrine to bow,
And read his fortune in a woman's brow;
His happy thought each pow'r of dreſs will trace,
Improve the native, catch the foreign grace.
One gen'ral rule in this, in ev'ry part,
Will ſtill preſide, and this be all his art,
To keep each bound Propriety commends;
For where Exceſs begins, Politeneſs ends.

XX. *A* MORNING-RAPSODY.

THE village-cock, with piercing notes,
The dappled dawn's approach denotes.
Riſe, *Damon*, riſe, the call obey,
And baſk in *Phebus'* earlieſt ray.
But while we gaze with raptur'd eye,
And Nature's lovelieſt ſcenes deſcry,
Let every lovely ſcene impart
Some moral lecture to the heart.
Whether we view the ſun's bright blaze,
And on the purple ether gaze;
Or bend to earth our wand'ring looks
To flow'ry meads and purling brooks;
Above, beneath, and all around,
We'll mingle ſight with thought profound;
And ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry ſpray
Shall wiſdom to the ſoul convey.

Behold the dawn in bluſhes *breaks*,
And all the eaſt with crimſon *ſtreaks*:
The clouds their fleecy ſkirts unfold,
Now ting'd with azure, purple, gold;
And now the ſun his beam unſhrouds,
And ſcatters wide the gaudy clouds:
Thoſe clouds he ting'd with diſtant rays,
Now fade before the bright'ning blaze.
So life's enjoyments lovely ſeem,
When glitt'ring in the diſtant beam;
And ſtill they drink a richer dy,
And brighten ſtill approaching nigh;
But when we claſp, we loſe the prize,
And all th' aerial luſtre flies.
Now, *Damon*, yonder turn thine eye,
Where fields in fair expanſion ly;
Fields dreſt in flow'rs, all freſh and gay,
That open to the morning-ray.
The little lark unfolds his wings,
And ſwiftly ſoars, and ſweetly ſings;
Along the ſky his muſic floats,
And diſtant hills return the notes.
The gilded inſects lightly ſkim
The liquid air in gaudy trim:
From vale to vale, from wood to wood,
They fly, to cull their flow'ry food;
And ſip the ſpangled dews that ſhake
On ev'ry buſh, on ev'ry brake.
Ah! feeble flutt'rers of a day,
How ſwift your pleaſures paſs away!
A freezing blaſt, a frigid ſky;
Ye droop your tender wings, and dy!

Let

Let man attend, while inſects preach,
And truths of human frailty teach.
When life is freſh in ev'ry vein,
Like them, he ſports in Pleaſure's train;
Like them, from wiſh to wiſh he ſtrays,
And round in circling revels plays;
Till ſudden, lo! the hand of Death
Impedes his courſe, and ſtops his breath.
Shall man like inſects live? and dy
Like inſects too? in worth, a fly!
No: juſtice ſends a heavier doom,
Than waits on flies, beyond the tomb;
To rage, deſpair, and torment *driven*,
The ſhame of earth, and ſcorn of *heaven*:
But if, to nobler views inclin'd,
Virtue and truth adorn the mind,
Like inſects men may fall, but riſe
To angels' bliſs, above the ſkies.
Now village-cries the ſilence break,
The chearful ſwains to labor wake,
Unpen their folds, and o'er the mead
Their flocks and herds to paſture lead:
They tune their mirth to ruſtic ſounds,
And Echo the rough ſong rebounds.
How pure and ſimple are the ſweets
Diſpenſt in rural calm retreats!
The ſwain ſalutes the riſing day,
And hies him to the fields away;
With homely mirth, that time *beguiles*,
He there purſues his duſty *toils*;
At night the nut-brown bowl he drains,
And counts, content, his humble gains;

Then on his ſtraw-fill'd couch he lies,
Where golden ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Through labor, mirth, and ſweet repoſe,
His ſtream of life thus gently flows!
The hero's palm, the pomp of kings,
And all that ſmiling Fortune brings;
Ambition, tumult, guilt, and glare,
Can ne'er with rural bliſs compare.
But now the mounting ſun diſplays
Around the fierce meridian blaze.
Hail, glorious orb! thy heat and light,
The life they give with joy unite;
'Tis thine, where'er we turn our eyes,
To charm with ever-changing dies;
With blue to tinge the diſtant ſcene,
The neighb'ring fields with ſprightly green;
With brown the ruſſet heath to ſpread,
With gold the tow'ring mountain's head;
The varied flow'r with ev'ry hue,
With ev'ry tint the pendant dew.
Thy genial beams impregnate *earth*,
And give to various beauty *birth*.
But thou, ſuperior ſun! whoſe ray
Illumes the lamp that lends us day.
Whoſe glories ſhine alike diſplay'd
In evenings mild, and peaceful ſhade;
Great Lord of all! receive the praiſe,
That man, the reas'ning reptile, pays.
Thy forming pow'r, thy fav'ring love,
Is ſeen, around, below, above;
That fav'ring love, that forming pow'r,
Some tribute claim from ev'ry hour.

O! let my ſoul that tribute pay,
And ſtill devotion prompt the lay.
Thee let me learn from all I ſee;
For all, my God! is full of thee.

XXI. *A* MIDNIGHT-THOUGHT.

WHILE active *Thought* unſeals my eye,
And midnight darkneſs ſhades the ſky;
Be huſht my ſoul!—ye moments, ſtay,
While I rejudge the guilty day.

See *Conſcience* glares, more dreadful made,
By ſilence and the awful ſhade!
She points the poniard to my breaſt,
And bids my juſtice ſpeak the reſt!

Then think my ſoul!—while heav'n gives breath,
And antedate the ſtroke of death;
Reflect how ſwift the moments fly,
Nor linger unprepar'd to dy!

Penſive *revolve*, ere yet too late,
The ſcenes of an eternal ſtate!
A ſeries of unnumber'd years,
Or crown'd with joys—or loſt in tears!

But hark! the ſolemn bells reſound;
What horrors ſhake the ſacred ground!
And ghoſts, around us gliding ſlow,
Invite us to the ſhades below!

Through the wide arch, and vaulted cave,
Down the long iſle, o'er many a grave;

By turns, the mournful mufic floats,
And more than *Echoes* ſwell the notes.

What awful hints theſe views inſpire!
They chill the blood, they pall deſire!
They teach the ſoul her heav'nly *birth*,
And baniſh all the pomps on *earth*.

Here, like in air a bubble toſt,
Her worth unknown, her genius loſt,
At *Pleaſure*'s fancy has ſhe drove,
Forgetful of her ſeat above!

Oh! what ſuch folly can atone?
Reaſon, dejected from her throne,
Let humble *Penitence* reſtore,
And bid my ſoul to err no more.

I ſigh'd—when kindling from the gloom,
Behold a ray from mercy's womb!
I ſee it ſhine!—I feel it dart
A beam of comfort to my heart.

All-clement thou, O God! all juſt,
The good-man's rock, the ſinner's truſt!
Accept the blood my Savior ſhed,
To ſave from woe this guilty head!

Oh! ſend thy life-reſtoring grace,
Effuſe the luſtre of thy face!
From guilt and ſorrow ſet me free,
And guide me till I come to Thee!

XXII. MIDNIGHT.

IN ebon chariot ſable Night deſcends,
And o'er the earth her duſky mantle throws;
O'er hills, vales, woods, her magic wand extends,
And locks the buſy world in ſoft repoſe.

The boiſt'rous *Boreas* now forgets to blow,
And all his bluſt'ring brethren ceaſe to roar;
The ſleepy winds ſcarce bid the currents flow,
And drouſy ſurges murmur on the ſhore.

The queen of heaven, refulgent lamp of night,
Now ſkirts the ocean's brim with upward beam;
In clouded luſtre ſheds a dubious light,
That dances on the ſoftly-flowing ſtream.

Soft Zephyr now more ſoftly glides along,
With gentle whiſper through the trembling trees;
And ſcarce is heard the dewy leaves among,
And ſcarce the aſpen quivers with his breeze.

From the high ſummit of yon lonely tow'r,
With creeping moſs and ivy overſpread,
The ſolemn bell proclaims the midnight hour,
Sad prelude of the trump that ſhall awake the dead.

Heard you from yonder oak, whoſe tow'ring height,
Aſpiring, ſeems to prop the nether ſky,
The diſmal ſcreeching of the bird of night,
The beetle's drouſy hum, the curlew's cry?

Ah! whence that groan? why ſhakes the ſolid ground?
And who are thoſe in ſhining white array'd,
That ſpread a tranſient blaze of luſtre round,
And gild with broken rays the duſky ſhade?

'Twas but the ſolemn bird, whoſe plaintive air,
Is nightly warbled from yon verdant ſpray,
And thoſe tall pines ſeen by a meteor's glare,
Whoſe tranſient glories, fading, dy away!

Hail, awful groves! and thou, primeval Night!
Whoſe duſky reign alternately returns!
All hail! bright *Cynthia*, to thy magic light!
Hail to each glitt'ring fire which round thee burns!

And thou, O Contemplation! ſacred maid,
To higheſt heaven that wing'ſt thy ſhining way;
All hail thy preſence, in this friendly ſhade,
Free from the buſy cares of glaring day!

Whene'er I haunt the groves and ſhady bow'rs,
Whene'er by the cool fountain's ſide reclin'd,
I ſeek in ſolitude to ſpend my hours,
And taſte the nobler pleaſures of the mind.

O grant thy aid, and from thy ſapphire-ſky
Deſcending, warm my ſoul with rapt'rous fire,
While huſht aſleep the troublous paſſions ly,
And my wing'd thoughts to heav'n's high throne aſpire.

Then all at once thy boundleſs pow'r diſplay,
Bid heaven ſublime her ſhining gates unfold;
Let hoſts ſeraphic chant th' harmonious lay,
And choirs celeſtial ſtrike their harps of gold!

And while ſuch viſions charm my fancy's eyes,
Let my rapt ſoul unheeded take her flight,
In trance extatic mounting view the ſkies,
And trace the regions of eternal light!

XXIII. *The*

XXIII. *The* WISH.

IF join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale,
A weak, but pious aid can ought avail;
Each ſacred ſtudy, each diviner page,
That once inſpir'd my youth, ſhall ſooth my age.
Deaf to ambition and to int'reſt's call;
Honor my titles, and enough my all;
No pimp of pleaſure, and no ſlave of ſtate,
Serene from fools, and guiltleſs of the great;
Some calm and undiſturb'd retreat I'd chooſe,
Dear to myſelf and friends. Perhaps the Muſe
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms employ,
If not a future fame, a preſent joy,
Pure from each fev'riſh hope, each weak deſire;
Thoughts that improve, and ſlumbers that inſpire;
A ſtedfaſt peace of mind, rais'd far above
The guilt of hate and weakneſſes of love;
Studious of life, yet free from doubt or fear,
To others candid, to myſelf ſevere:
Filial, ſubmiſſive to the ſov'reign will;
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill;
I'll work in narrow ſphere, what Heaven approves,
Abating hatreds, and increaſing loves;
My friendſhip, ſtudies, pleaſures, all my own;
Alike to envy, and to fame unknown:
Such in ſome bleſt aſylum let me ly,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wiſh to dy.

XXIV. *A* SOLILOQUY *in imitation of* HAMLET.

MY anxious ſoul is torn with doubtful ſtrife,
And hangs ſuſpended betwixt death and life:
Life! Death! dread objects of mankind's debate;
Whether ſuperior to the ſhocks of fate,
To bear its fierceſt ills with ſtedfaſt mind,
To Nature's order piouſly reſign'd;
Or, with magnanimous and brave diſdain,
Return th' injurious galling gift again.
O! if to dy, this mortal buſtle o'er,
Were but to cloſe one's eyes, and be no more;
From pain, from ſickneſs, ſorrows, ſafe withdrawn,
In night eternal that ſhall know no dawn;
This dread, imperial, wond'rous frame of man,
Loſt in ſtill nothing, whence it firſt began:
Yes: if the grave ſuch quiet could ſupply,
Devotion's ſelf might even dare to dy.
Leſt hapleſs victors in the mortal ſtrife,
Through death we ſtruggle but to ſecond life—
(But fearful here, though curious to explore,
Thought pauſes, trembling on the hither ſhore—)
What ſcenes may riſe, awake the human fear,
Our being reaſſum'd, and God more near!
If awful thunders the new gueſt appall,
Or the ſoft voice of gentle mercy call.
This teaches life with all her ills to pleaſe,
Afflicting poverty, ſevere diſeaſe;
To loweſt infamy gives pow'r to charm,
And ſtrikes the dagger from the boldeſt arm.

Then,

Then, *Hamlet*, ceaſe; thy raſh reſolves forego;
God, Nature, Reaſon, all will have it ſo:
Learn by this ſacred horror, well ſuppreſt
Each fatal purpoſe in the traitor's breaſt.
This damps Revenge with ſalutary fear,
And ſtops Ambition in her wild career;
Till Virtue for herſelf begin to move,
And ſervile fear exalt to filial love.
Then in thy breaſt let calmer paſſions riſe;
Pleas'd with thy lot on earth, abſolve the ſkies.
The ills of life ſee Friendſhip can divide;
See angels warring on the good-man's ſide:
Alone to Virtue happineſs is *given*,
On earth ſelf-ſatisfi'd, and crown'd in *heaven*.

XXV. *A* SOLILOQUY.

MYſterious inmate of this breaſt,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's beſt expreſt:
What thou art, I'm the ſame.

With thee I claim celeſtial birth,
A ſpark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee ſink to vileſt earth,
Unanimated clay,

Now in this ſad and diſmal hour
Of multipli'd diſtreſs,
Has any former thought the pow'r
To make thy ſorrows leſs?

When

When all around thee cruel ſnares
  Threaten thy deſtin'd breath,
And ev'ry ſharp reflexion bears
  Want, exile, chains, or death;

Can ought that paſt in youth's fond reign,
  Thy pleaſing vein reſtore?
Lives beauty's gay and feſtive train
  In memory's ſoft ſtore?

Or does the Muſe? 'Tis ſaid her art
  Gives fierceſt pangs to ceaſe?
Can ſhe to thy poor trembling heart
  Now ſpeak the words of peace?

Yet ſhe was wont at early dawn
  To whiſper thy repoſe;
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn,
  At grateful evening's cloſe.

Friendſhip, 'tis true, her ſacred might
  May mitigate thy doom;
As light'ning, ſhot acroſs the night,
  A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
  Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladneſs ev'ry moan,
  And baniſh all my fear.

Thy arm, all-powerful to ſave,
  May ev'ry doubt deſtroy;
And, from the horrors of the grave,
  New-raiſe to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious ſpring,
  Pure conſolation flows;

Makes

Makes the faint heart 'mid ſuff'rings ſing,
And 'midſt deſpair repoſe.
Yet from its creature gracious heaven,
Moſt merciful and juſt,
Aſks but for life and ſafety given,
Our faith and humble truſt.

XXVI. *Thoughts on* DEATH.

IN youth, by Hope remov'd to diſtant days,
Death's ſhadowy form no glancing eye diſplays;
In waning age, the palſi'd hand of Fear
With all his terror, brings the ſpectre near;
Then Fancy, ſkilful in the painter's art,
Shapes the grim feature, and projects the dart.
Man! wretched man, whom lengthen'd woes attend,
Still clings to life, and fears his laſt, beſt friend;
Of pain and want tenacious, gaſps for breath,
And tir'd, and reſtleſs, dreads the ſleep of death.
By age, and age's wants and woes, grown wiſe,
I view thee, Death, though near, with placid eyes.
Thy haſting ſtrides let Superſtition dread,
And Vice, too late repenting, hide her head:
For me, I find no terrors in thy face,
Parent of reſt, and miniſter of grace!
O! lead me quickly to the bliſful ſhore,
Where fraud and malice ſhall purſue no more.
With joy the victor o'er the bluſt'ring band
Spreads all his canvas for the riſing land;

With joy the hind, his daily labor done,
Sees the broad ſhadows, and the ſetting ſun;
With joy the ſlave, worn out with tedious woes,
Beholds the hand that liberty beſtows:
So Death with joy my feeble voice ſhall greet,
My hand ſhall beckon, and my wish ſhall meet.
Nor dim the path that leads to his abode:
A God's bright footſteps mark the lucid road.
O! let me trace the kind conducting ray,
And follow JESUS to the realms of day.

XXVII. *A Night-piece on* DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd ly;
While through their ranks in ſilver-pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath;
Where once again the ſpangled ſnow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.

The

The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate;
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life poſſeſt;
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe graves, with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſel's ſlender help to fame,
(Which, ere our ſet of friends decay,
Their frequent ſteps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half-ambitious, all-unknown.

The marble-tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches ly;
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate;
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

Hah! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades;
The burſting earth unvails the ſhades!

All-

All-ſlow, and wan, and wrapt with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds;
And all with ſober accent cry:
Think, mortal, what it is to dy.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din;
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight-ground!)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones:

When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they dread my ſtings.
Fools! if ye leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears,
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.

Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep-pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul theſe forms of woe;
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,

Whene'er

Whene'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, though far-tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waſte;
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day!

XXVIII. *The* Myſtery *of* Life.

SO many years I've ſeen the ſun,
And call'd theſe eyes and hands my own;
A thouſand little acts have done,
And childhood have and manhood known.
O! what is life? and this dull round
To tread why was a ſpirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excurſions of the mind,
Have fill'd my ſoul with great deſigns,
While practice grovel'd far behind:
O! what is thought? and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy ſaw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quiv'ring ſoul had pow'r;
Plain life with height'ning paſſions roſe,
The boaſt or burden of their hour:

O!

O! what is all we feel? why fled
Thoſe pains and pleaſures o'er my head?

So many human ſouls divine,
Some at one interview diſplay'd,
Some oft and freely mixt with mine,
In laſting bonds my heart have laid.
O! what is friendſhip? why impreſt
On my weak, wretched, dying breaſt?

So many wond'rous gleams of light,
And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me fit like ſeraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O! what is virtue! why had I,
Who am ſo low, a taſte ſo high?

Ere long, when ſov'reign wiſdom wills,
My ſoul an unknown path ſhall tread,
And ſtrangely leave, who ſtrangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O! what is death? 'Tis life's laſt ſhore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all purſuits their goal attain,
And life is all retoucht again;
Where one refin'd reſult ſhall poiſe
Thoughts, virtues, friendſhips, griefs and joys,

XXIX. *On the proneneſs of the Fleſh to ſin.*

TAKE an iv'ry globe, and lay it
On a ſmooth, a ſteepy place;
Down it rolls, unleſs you ſtay it,
Down it runs its hilly race:
While to gain the vale it ſtrives,
Nature like a *Jehu* drives.

Take the ſmalleſt leaf that grows,
Take a feather light as air,
When the rougheſt north wind blows,
On your hand expoſe them bare;
Graſp the little fleeting things,
Or the wind will give them wings.

Take a pair of oars, and try,
If you needs muſt venture on;
While the waves are working high,
Quickly down the ſtream you're gone.
Ply your oars, or elſe too late
You'll lament your ſtormy fate.

Take a firebrand, and apply it
To the ſtubble as it grows,
As the ſun does parch and dry it,
Quenching water interpoſe:
Or the catching matter ſpends,
And the blazing fantom ends.

Take the horſe that's hot and *young*,
One that had a gen'rous fire;
Let your bit be good and *ſtrong*,
For you ride a horſe of fire.

He

He ramps, he neighs, methinks he cries,
Hah-! hah ! ſee where my rider lies.

Oft we ſee how deepeſt ſtreams
Smoothly run their wonted courſe;
But if ſtopt with ſtones and beams,
How they ſtraight new channels force:
Make their banks and fences high:
They know no law but liberty.

Fooliſh man, theſe emblems ſuit
You, or your frail fleſh at leaſt,
You that live ſo like a brute;
The rolling ball, the ranging beaſt,
The untam'd colt, the flaming ſtraw,
The foaming flood that knows no law,

Deſcribe the riſks you run in ſin:
Your body does your ſoul betray;
You've a great work to do within,
Strike into the narrow way:
Stop your vain courſe, true Wiſdom cries,
Or endleſs death will be your prize.

Thou, that with healing in thy wings,
Bleſt Sun of righteouſneſs, didſt *riſe*:
All ſov'reign balms thine advent brings,
Enough to cure the world of *vice*:
Souls once baptiz'd, and clear'd from ſtain,
Let not the foul fiend ſoil again!

XXX. *On the* LORD'S SUPPER, *after ſeeing its celebration*, 1749.

I'VE ſeen enough: Oh! come away;
I'm weary of this brittle clay,
And pant for purer joy:
More ardent paſſions fire my ſoul;
They thrill my boſom as they roll,
And all my thoughts employ.

I ſee the little trembling ball
Shake at the dread almighty call:
Heav'ns! ſhall I ſtay behind?
Oh! no; I'll rather ſoar above,
Loſt in an extaſy of love,
Till I be wholely mind.

'Twas there they pierc'd my Savior's ſide,
'Twas there he bled, 'twas there he di'd,
And cri'd aloud, *'Tis done!*
I'll lay me then at *Jeſus'* feet;
And if the ſhadow be ſo ſweet,
Oh! what muſt be the Sun!

XXXI. *On* CENSURE.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure:
Or, how this evil can be *born*,
Which breeds at once both hate and *ſcorn*.

Bare

Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are tri'd in ſcandal's court.
Stand high in honor, wealth, or wit;
All others who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe, who want the pow'r to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious ly:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are ſtrong.
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak, or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lies
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd or wiſe.
The moſt effectual way to balk
Their malice, is——to let them talk.

XXXII. *On* SYMPATHY.

LET Stoics boaſt the cold relentleſs heart,
This boſom knows in grief to ſympathiſe;
Nor would I with the ſoft ſenſation part:
For pleaſing paſſions with the painful riſe.

Benevolence ſoft gentle pity knows
The wiſh to comfort, though the wiſh be vain:
Her tender heart ſtill melts at others' woes,
Nor centers in itſelf its bliſs or pain.

Her let me ever cheriſh in my breaſt:
For hers are moral virtues, are divine;
Her laws are nature's, God's, and therefore beſt:
Her precepts make my neighbor's int'reſt mine.

When Friendſhip adds her ſoft engaging ties,
What duty bids, is choice, is pleaſure here;
By ſympathy our joys increaſing riſe,
And grief is ſoften'd by the mingling tear.

Not ſtoic fortitude ſhould e'er controul
Its force, in grief or joy, when friendſhip flows;
Religion only ſhould command the ſoul,
And bound alike our pleaſures and our woes.

XXXIII. *On* FRIENDSHIP.

YOU aſk what's friendſhip? 'Tis the link which binds,
Unites and forms the harmony of minds;
Makes them with ſympathiſing raptures glow,
Or move like anſw'ring uniſons in woe.

'Tis love, 'tis charity, 'tis all that *Heav'n*,
Bounteous to man, to ſweeten life has *giv'n*;
Prevents the dangers of eternal ſtrife,
And ſtamps their value on the goods of life.
Without it, ſocial bliſs is but a name,
And love a wild miſleading ſhort-liv'd flame:
But with it, ev'ry pleaſure is refin'd,
And heaven is all reflected by the mind.
Deſcription faints: but would'ſt thou know it more?
Turn thy view inward, and thyſelf explore.

Yet, ſtrange to think: this only ſolid ground
Of certain bliſs is ſeldom to be found.
The winning maſk of Friendſhip many wear;
But how deform'd, how black their ſouls when bare!
While Fortune ſmiles, what numbers croud around!
Stop where you tread, and kiſs the hallow'd ground!
But ſhould the feeble goddeſs chance to frown,
And from that dazzling ſummit hurl thee down;
Soon would'ſt thou find in thy inverted year,
Thoſe ſwallows of thy ſummer diſappear.

How wretched is our fate, who cannot be
Aſſur'd of bliſs, except by miſery!
Who muſt to trials moſt ſevere be *driven*,
To know a friend, or taſte the joys of *heaven!*

Throw round through Nature's works a curious eye,
Through earth, th' embracing deep, and ſtarry ſky;
All ſeem by her to one great end deſign'd:
All ſeem by her in one conſent combin'd.
See in the midſt the ſun majeſtic reign,
Attended by his planetary train:
See round him with what harmony they roll,
Dependant, like the body on the ſoul.

In

In peace he holds his undiſputed ſeat,
And with large bounty deals them light and heat.
Like Friendſhip's pow'r, his ſtrong attractive force
In union leads them through their circling courſe.
This bond deſtroy'd, they'd in confuſion fall,
And one great ruin overwhelm them all.
Yet daring man from this fair order ſtrays,
By ſome wild paſſion led through devious ways;
Rejecting Friendſhip's aid, he's headlong hurl'd,
And darts confus'dly through the dang'rous world.
Hence this diſorder, that around appears,
Inteſtine broils, black jealouſies and fears;
Deſtructive warfare hence receives her *birth*,
And man ſweeps off his image from the *earth*.
With nobler daring, let the wiſer few
This melancholy ſcene with pity view;
Diſplay the beauty of the friendly mind,
And claim the joys which heaven for man deſign'd.
Among the firſt, my Friend, ſhall ſhine thy name,
And all my pow'r ſhall feed the glorious flame.
In all the luxury of Love we'll live,
In all the joys that Friendſhip's hand can give;
And while along the lovely courſe we dart,
Share ev'ry ſorrow, ev'ry joy impart;
Our joys communicated ſhall increaſe,
Divided ſorrows dwindle into peace.
Oh! could we ſee thoſe bliſful times regain'd,
When Friendſhip true and unſuſpected reign'd!
Vice from the world affrighted would *remove*,
And *Eden*'s garden ſmile in ev'ry *grove*.

XXXIV. *On* LOVE.

LOVE's no irregular deſire,
No ſudden ſtart of raging pain,
Which in a moment grows a fire,
And in a moment cools again:

Not found in the ſad ſonneteer,
That ſings of darts, deſpair and chains;
And by whoſe diſmal verſe 'tis clear,
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it center in the beau,
Who ſighs by rule, in order dies;
Whoſe all conſiſts in outward ſhow,
And want of wit by dreſs ſupplies.

No: love is ſomething ſo divine,
Deſcription would but make it leſs:
Tis what I feel, but can't define,
'Tis what I know, but can't expreſs.

XXXV. *On* HAPPINESS.

LONG have I ſought the wiſh of all
True happineſs to find;
Which ſome will wealth, ſome pleaſure call,
And ſome a virtuous mind:

Sufficient wealth to keep away
Of want the doleful ſcene,
And joy enough to gild the day,
And make life's courſe ſerene:

Virtue enough to aſk the heart,
  Art thou ſecure within?
Haſt thou perform'd an honeſt part?
  Haſt thou no private ſin?

This to perform, theſe things poſſeſs
  Muſt raiſe a noble joy;
And conſtitute that happineſs
  Which nothing can deſtroy.

ODES.

I. *From the Gentleman's Magazine.*

Mr. URBAN,

The following ſpecimen of ancient poetry is an imitation of a chorus in the Hecuba *of Euripides on the taking of Troy. This chorus, it muſt be obſerved for the ſake of common readers, is ſuppoſed to be ſung by ſome female Trojan captives then in Thrace, who are repreſented, as was uſual, by* one principal character.

STROPHE I.

NO more ſhall Ilium boaſt her tow'rs,
That once in peerleſs pride, unconquer'd, *ſtood*,
That roſe ſuperior to the hoſtile *flood*,
And ſternly brav'd the Grecian pow'rs.
Now of their creſted honors ſhorn,
Her ſpires in mold'ring ruins ly;
And ah! yon natal hills, forlorn,
Now fade for ever on my parting eye.

ANTISTROPHE.

Old Night wheel'd on her duſky *car*,
And hung upon the heaven her fableſt robe;
When Sleep's ſoft influence wrapt the drouſy globe,
And ceaſt the ſound of mirth and *war*.

Calm Silence lull'd each Trojan's fear,
The foe from Ilium's wall was fled;
My ſpouſe hung up his peaceful ſpear,
And ſoftly ſunk into the bridal bed.

STROPHE II.

With curious ſkill I bound my brow,
And tir'd in well-wrought cawls my flowing hair?
While many a beamy glaſs with friendly glare
Shed from their orbs a golden glow;
When ſtraight a voice with ſudden roar
Reſounding, pierc'd the midnight-ſhade:
Oh! when ſhall Troy, in aſhes laid,
Give back the Grecians to their native ſhore?

ANTISTROPHE II.

Clad in the zoneleſs, looſe array
Of Dorian maids, I ſought the ſacred ſhrine,
Whence Dian bright diſplays her pow'r divine,
And trembling wing'd my doubtful way.
But nought avail the vows I pour;
Snatcht from her fane, I ſtem the wave;
Then look by fits on Ilium's grave,
And, ſorrowing, weep my lord, my life—no more!

EPODE.

Nor leſs I vent the curſes due,
To Paris' ever-hateful name;
And may heaven's vengeance ſtill purſue
Th' adult'rous Helen's guilty flame!

Long

Long may ſhe wander tempeſt-toſt,
And long conflict with various woe,
From Sparta far, her wiſhes croſt,
Then periſh ſinking in the gulfs below!

II. ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ.

PINDAR. Olymp. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Eolian lyre, awake!
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From *Helicon*'s harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flow'rs, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance, as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales, and *Ceres*' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! ſov'reign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen cares,
And frantic paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.

On *Thracia*'s hills the Lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſcepter'd hand
Of *Jove*, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quencht in dark clouds of ſlumber ly
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er *Idalia*'s velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen
On *Cytherea*'s day!
With antic ſports, and blue-ey'd pleaſures
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, *move*
The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of *Love*.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await;
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of fate!

The

The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of *Jove*.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the ſolar road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains ſtray'd;
The Muſe has broke the twilight-ſhade,
To chear the ſhiv'ring natives dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She daigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat,
In looſe numbers wildly-ſweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and gen'rous ſhame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er *Delphi*'s ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Egean deep;
Fields, that cool *Iliſſus* laves,
Or where *Meander*'s amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rinths creep;
How do your tuneful echoes languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of anguiſh?

Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad Nine in *Greece*'s evil hour
Left their *Parnaſſus* for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-pow'r,
And coward-vice, that revels in her chains.
No longer lofty-ſpirit *Latium*'s boaſt,
They ſought, oh *Albion!* next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid *Avon* ſtray'd.
To him the mighty mother did unvail
Her awful face: the dauntleſs child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or opes the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond He, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of extaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy
He paſt the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living throne, the ſapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,

He

He ſaw; but blaſted with exceſs of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where *Dryden*'s leſs preſumptuous car
Waft o'er the fields of glory far,
Two coarſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark! his hands his lyre explore.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breath, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring *ſpirit*
Wakes thee now? though he *inherit*
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate;
Beneath the good how far!—but far above the great.

III. *To* POETRY.

LED by the Muſe, thy ſtarry mount I climb,
Which ſtands unhurt amid the wrecks of time.
Here ample-handed *Flora* lays
A carpet of eternal flow'rs;
In gay rotation fly the nimble days,
And feſtive mirth leads on the dancing hours.

Yet has the light'ning blaz'd around its brow,
And left unſing'd the laurel's verdant bough.
Untoucht th' immortal bays remain:
For nature fills the lofty ſpace;
The goddeſs here has fixt her ſtable reign:
'Tis ſacred all, and heaven protects the place.

Hence bold Imagination cleaves the ſkies,
And all Creation burſts upon mine eyes.
Whatever ſleeps in ocean's bed,
Or floats upon the fluid air,
Each humble vale, and mountain's lordly head,
I ſee, and bow to Him who plac'd them there.

Oh POETRY! who can thy joys proclaim?
Who, but thy bard, perpetuate thy name?
Even I, the hindmoſt in thy train
Obſequious to thy diſtant nod,
Dare in thy praiſe to liſp a feeble ſtrain;
Yet tremble at th' exulting critic's rod.

Thou taught'ſt thy SISTER thy creative ſkill,
And lo! each image quickens at her will:

So

So potent is her ſacred breath,
The canvas lives at her command;
And ſhades of heroes long conſign'd to death,
Reſurge beneath her vivifying hand.
Nor does each portrait only ſeem to live
Beneath the pow'r her pencil daigns to give;
With ſuch collective grace 'tis fraught,
Such warmth the rival-colors dart,
That each bold figure teems with fanci'd thought,
And Nature owns the force of mimic-art.
Nor leſs does MUSIC, ever-charming maid!
Feel the propitious advent of thy aid.
She harmonizes empty ſound,
As words and ſentiment inſpire;
Makes Echo's hall reverberate around,
And wakes each note that ſlept within her lyre.
Sweet POETRY! when buſ'neſs ſets me free,
Oh! let me ſpend a vacant hour with thee.
For through thy channel's ample maze
Fair Harmony devolves her tide;
The ſmiling ſun ſheds inexhauſted rays,
As through JEHOVAH's land thy holy waters glide.

IV. *To* MUSIC.

Tu potes Tigres, comiteſque ſilvas
Ducere, & rivos celeres morari. HOR.

HENCE, dull-brow'd Melancholy! creep away
To weeping caverns, exil'd from the day.
Thy

Thy temples bathe with nightly dew,
That drops from yonder baneful yew:
Or go where endleſs horror dwells,
To *Bedlam*-walls, to *Newgate*-cells;
Elſe while thy front diſtils a ſweating ſhow'r,
Go watch the murder'd corpſe at midnight's frightful hour!

But come, thou parent of poetic ſong,
Pride of my verſe, ſweet Muſic, haſte along;
Deſcend from thine ethereal bow'rs,
And with thee bring the ſportive hours.
She comes! The clouds her voice obey,
And brighten into purer day!
A harp adorns her hand; and on her face
Sits laughing Mirth with Harmony's attractive grace.

No more the ſwelling north is heard to rave,
Yon foaming flood has calm'd his angry wave;
Huſht is the jay's diſcordant note,
Silent the raven's croaking throat.
Throughout the woods, throughout the plains
Stilneſs, an awful ſilence, reigns!
Gay ſmile the blue-ſkirt ſkies. All nature round
Seems pauſing, and prepar'd to hear the magic ſound.

And hark! how gentle ſhe ſalutes the ear!
The touch how ſoft! the melody how clear!
To love ſhe ſlightly ſweeps the ſtrings:
Smooth fly the notes on ſilken wings.
Theſe are the ſtrains that ſooth my care,
Alarm, and terrify deſpair.
The louring demon ſtartles at the ſound,
Stalks off in ſullen mood, and treads unhallow'd ground.

Now,

Now, now the note ſhe ſwells, and ſings of arms:
Heavens! how the noble air my ſpirit charms!
I feel, I feel my courage glow,
And ruſh in thought to meet the foe.
Methinks I ſee the martial plain
Enſanguin'd o'er with heaps of ſlain:
Heroes and ſteeds in wild confuſion roll,
And terror ſeizes all, but * *'s daring ſoul.

See! while the goddeſs plays, around her throng
The joy-ſtruck quadrupeds to hear the ſong.
Delighted neighs the conſcious ſteed,
The hungry bull forgets to feed.
Yon ſtag is tame! the dappled fawns
Exult, and bound along the lawns.
Enamor'd Echo in the diſtant vale,
Anſwers her ſiſter's voice in ev'ry ſoften'd gale.

No more the fierce-ey'd tiger threatens harm,
But lays him down, and liſtens to the charm:
Nor leſs the lion bates his rage:
(Such pow'r has Muſic to aſſwage!)
The rav'nous wolves let looſe their prey;
Her impulſe furious pards obey.
The crawling adder too, at her command
Puts forth his harmleſs tongue, to lick her tuneful hand!

But ah! ſhe ſtops her ſoul-enchanting ſtrain,
And ſoars to her celeſtial throne again:
Adieu, ye flatt'ring ſounds, adieu!
The change is felt all nature through;
Surcharg'd with rain the clouds appear,
To ſtain the products of the year.

And

And now they burſt! and thunder tears the ſky,
And nought but gloom oppreſſive ſtrikes the weeping eye.

V. *To* SCULPTURE.

LED by the muſe, my ſtep pervades
The ſacred haunts, the peaceful ſhades,
Where ART and SCULPTURE reign:
I ſee, I ſee, at their command
The living ſtones in order ſtand,
And marble breathe through ev'ry vein.
TIME breaks his hoſtile ſcythe? he ſighs
To find his pow'r malignant fled;
And what avails my dart, he cries,
Since theſe can animate the dead?
Since wak'd to mimic life, again in *ſtone*
The patriot ſeems to ſpeak, the heroe *frown?*
There VIRTUE's ſilent train are ſeen;
Faſt fixt their looks, erect their mien.
Lo! while, with more than ſtoic ſoul,
The ATTIC * SAGE exhauſts the bowl;
A pale ſuffuſion ſhades his eyes,
Till by degrees the marble dies!
See where the injur'd POET † bled!
Ah! ſee he droops his languid head!
What ſtarting nerves, what dying pain,
What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
Theſe are thy works, O SCULPTURE! thine to ſhow,
In rugged rock, a feeling ſenſe of woe.

* *Socrates.* † *Seneca.*

Yet

Yet not alone ſuch themes demand
The PHIDIAN ſtroke, the DEDAL hand;
I view with melting eyes
A ſofter ſcene of grief diſplay'd,
While from her breaſt the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE with food ſupplies!
In pitying ſtone ſhe weeps, to ſee
His ſqualid hair and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand ſuſtains;
While ev'ry look, and ſorrowing feature *prove*,
How ſoft her breaſt, how great her filial *love*.

Lo! there the wild ASSYRIAN * QUEEN,
With threat'ning brow and frantic mien!
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury ſparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON's proud ſons rebell'd!
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with looſe diſhevell'd hair;
She ſtretcht her hand imbru'd in *blood*,
While pale Sedition trembling *ſtood*;
In ſudden ſilence, madneſs hid her head,
At th' awful voice, and ſtygian diſcord fled.

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or ſhrinks, or burns,
As SCULPTURE waves her hand:
The varying paſſions of the mind,
Her faithful handmaids are aſſign'd,
And riſe or fall by her command.

* *Semiramis.*

When

When now life's waſted lamps expire,
When ſinks to duſt this mortal frame,
She, like PROMETHEUS, graſps the fire;
Her touch revives the lambent flame;
While phenix-like, the ſtateſman, bard, or ſage
Spring freſh to life, and breathe through ev'ry age.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,
With loud hoſanna's charms the ear,
Behold (a priſm within his hands)
Abſorb'd in thought, great NEWTON * ſtands!
Such was his ſolemn, wonted ſtate,
His ſerious brow, and muſing gait,
When, taught on eagle-wings to fly,
He trac'd the wonders of the ſky;
The chambers of the ſun explor'd,
Where tints of thouſand hues are ſtor'd;
Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is dreſt,
And varying IRIS ſteals her gaudy veſt.

Here, as DEVOTION, heavenly queen,
To guide her fav'rite train is ſeen,
At NEWTON's ſhrine they *bow*;
And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With VIRTUE's pureſt veſtal rays,
Behold their ardent boſoms *glow!*
Hail, mighty mind! Hail, awful name!
I feel inſpir'd my lab'ring breaſt;
And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!
Come, SCIENCE, bright ethereal gueſt;
Oh come, and lead the meaneſt of the gown,
Through WISDOM's arduous paths, to fair renown!

* Erected in the chapel of *Trinity-College*, *Cambridge*, by Dr. *Smith*.

Could

Could I to one faint ray aſpire,
One ſpark of that celeſtial fire;
The leading Cynoſure, that glow'd
While SMITH explor'd the dark abode,
Where WISDOM ſat on NATURE's ſhrine,
How great my boaſt! what praiſe were mine!
Illuſtrious ſage! who firſt could'ſt tell
Where the bland pow'rs of MUSIC dwell;
And ev'ry magic chain unty,
That binds the ſoul of HARMONY!
To THEE, when mold'ring in the duſt,
To THEE ſhould ſwell the breathing buſt;
Should here (for this reward thy merits claim)
Stand next in place to NEWTON, as in fame.

VI. *To* NIGHT.

THE buſy cares of day are done:
In yonder weſtern cloud the ſun
Now ſets, in other worlds to riſe!
And glad with light the nether ſkies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And ſlowly leaves the mountain-tops, and gilded ſpires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still ſhoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length deſcends a browner ſhade,
At length the glimm'ring objects fade;
Till all ſubmit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undiſtinguiſht darkneſs covers all the plain.

No

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Reſounds beneath the woodman's ſtroke.
Now ſilence holds her ſolemn ſway;
Mute is each buſh, and ev'ry ſpray:
Nought but the ſound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or from the mold'ring tow'r, *Night*'s ſolitary bird.

Hail, ſacred hour of peaceful reſt!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breaſt!
By thee the captive ſlave obtains
Short reſpite from his galling pains;
Nor ſighs for liberty, nor native ſoil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and ſultry toil.

No horrors haſt thou in thy train,
No ſcorpion laſh, no clanking chain:
When the pale murd'rer round him ſpies
A thouſand griſly forms ariſe;
When ſhrieks and groans arouſe his palſied fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his ſoul, and conſcience wounds his ear.

The village-ſwain whom *Phillis* charms,
Whoſe breaſt the tender paſſion warms;
Wiſhes for thy all-ſhadowing vail,
To tell the fair his loveſick tale:
Nor leſs impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and ſigh her ſoul away.

Oft by the covert of thy ſhade,
LEANDER WOO'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming ſeas his paſſion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conſcious virgin from the ſea-girt tow'r,
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft

Oft at thy ſilent hour the ſage
Pores on the fair inſtructive page;
Or, wrapt in muſings deep, his ſoul
Mounts, active, to the ſtarry pole:
There pleas'd to range the realms of endleſs Night,
Numbers the ſtars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converſe ſweet,
When ſprightly wit and reaſon meet:
Wit, the fair bloſſom of the mind,
But only fair with ſenſe combin'd.
Such is the feaſt thy ſocial hours afford,
When eloquence and * * join the friendly board.

* *, whoſe poliſht mind is fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught;
Who bids us ſweet inſtruction ſhare,
When he aſſumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGIRITE or PLATO draws
The arts of civil life, the ſpirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of honeſt, ſocial joy!
And glean from * *'s learned ſtore,
Fair ſcience and true wiſdom's lore.
Then will I ſtill implore thy longer ſtay,
Nor change thy feſtive hours for ſunſhine and the day.

VII. *To* MORNING.

THE ſprightly meſſenger of day,
To heaven aſcending tunes the lay,

That

That wakes the bluſhing Morn;
Chear'd with th' inſpiring notes, I riſe,
And hail the Pow'R, whoſe glad ſupplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O NIGHT! thy praiſe,
Majeſtic queen! in nobler lays,
Already has been ſung;
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortaliſ'd by YOUNG.

See, while I ſpeak, AURORA ſheds
Her honors o'er the flow'ry beds;
The ſpringing valleys ſmile;
With chearful haſte, the village-ſwain
Renews the labors of the plain,
And whiſtling cheats the while.

Day's monarch comes to bleſs the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRS round his car appear,
Attendant on his nod;
PLENTY and HEALTH confeſs his flames,
And TRUTH, divinely bright, proclaims
The viſit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my ſoul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, that bad the ſpheres
In tuneful order *move*:
Thine is the ſable-mantled Night,
Unſeen ALMIGHTY! and the light
The radiance of thy *love*.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,

And echo ſpreads the ſtrain;
The ſtreams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks ſalute the ſun;
And muſic glads the plain.

While Nature's new-born beauties pleaſe,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
That op'ning flow'rs diffuſe;
TEMP'RANCE and INNOCENCE, attend:
Theſe are your haunts! your influence lend,
Aſſociates of the MUSE!

RIOT, and GUILT, and waſting CARE,
And fell REVENGE, and black DESPAIR,
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the ſun, nor blooms the roſe,
Their reſtleſs paſſions to compoſe,
Who VIRTUE's dictates ſlight.

Along the mead, and in the *wood*,
And on the margin of the *flood*,
The Goddeſs walks confeſt;
She gives the landſcape pow'r to *charm*,
The ſun his genial heat, to *warm*
The wiſe and gen'rous breaſt.

Happy the man, whoſe tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole ſurveys!
On him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening gratefully beguiles
The labors of his days.

The varying year may change the plain,
The ſounding tempeſt laſh the main,

And heaven's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the burſting ſtorm;
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The morning of his ſoul.

VIII. *To* SPRING.

HAIL, genial goddeſs, bloomy ſpring!
Thy bleſt return, O! let me ſing;
And aid my languid lays.
Let me not ſink in ſloth ſupine,
While all creation, at thy ſhrine,
Its annual tribute pays.

Eſcap'd from *Winter*'s freezing pow'r,
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flow'r,
While foremoſt of the train,
By *Nature* (artleſs handmaid!) dreſt,
The ſnow-drop comes in lili'd veſt,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now ſtrains his warbling throat,
And, with a loud and chearful note,
Calls *Echo* from her cell:
Be warn'd, ye fair, that liſten round,
A beauteous nymph became a *ſound*,
By having lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd ſun, with warmth divine,
Bids trees and ſhrubs before thy ſhrine,
Their infant-buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which *Winter* bound in icy chains,
And ſparkling bleſs his ray!

Life-

Life-giving *Zephyrs* breathe around,
And inſtant glows th' enamell'd ground
With Nature's vari'd hues:
Not ſo returns our youth decay'd,
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade
The ſpring of life renews.

The ſun's too quick-revolving beam
Diſſolves at once the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour:
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly-waſted day,
No longer in our pow'r.

Then happieſt he, whoſe lengthen'd ſight
Purſues by Virtue's ſteady light
A hope beyond the ſkies;
Where *Winter* ſtern ſhall ne'er be gloom,
But roſy *Spring* for ever bloom,
And ſuns eternal riſe!

IX. *To* SCIENCE.

OH heavenly-born! in deepeſt cells
If faireſt Science ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave.

For Melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſilvan plains

With ſcientific light;
While *Dian*, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Though rapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore,
With magic rites and heathen lore,
Obſtructed and depreſt;
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's pow'r redreſt.

When *Solon* and *Lycurgus* taught,
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze;
To erring zeal they gave new laws:
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays!

Bid bright *Aſtrea* gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac-ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet philoſophy along,
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land

By folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing:
Energic let her ſoar and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So when *Amphion* bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire;
Behold the madding throng
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound,
And petrifying ſong.

X. *To* WISDOM: *a nocturnal Ode.*

THE ſolitary bird of night
Through the thick ſhades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-ſhook tow'r,
Where ſhelter'd from the blaze of day
In philoſophic gloom he lay
Beneath his ivy-bow'r.

With joy I hear the ſolemn ſound,
Which midnight-echoes waft around,
And ſighing gales repeat;
Fav'rite of *Pallas!* I attend,
And, faithful to thy ſummons, bend
At Wiſdom's awful ſeat.

She loves the cool, the ſilent eve,
Where no falſe ſhows of life deceive,

Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly quits each vain diſguiſe,
Nor ſport her gaily-color'd dies,
As in the beam of day.

O *Pallas!* queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the ſenſe, or mends the heart,
Who beam'ſt with purer eyes,
In ev'ry form of beauty, bright,
That captivates the mental ſight
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

To thy unſpotted ſhrine I bow:
Attend thy modeſt ſuppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild deſires;
But taught by thy unerring rules
To ſhun the fruitleſs wiſh of fools,
To nobler views aſpires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's ſhort-liv'd bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
Thoſe glitt'ring envy'd toys, divide
The dull rewards of Care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By ſtudious thought refin'd;
For wealth, the ſmiles of glad content;
For pow'r, its ampleſt beſt extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleaſure's tranſient roſes fade,

And

And wither in the tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thine ever-verdant laurels riſe
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's ſneer, the ſtupid ly
Of Ignorance and Spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of teeth that cannot bite.

From envy, hurry, noiſe and ſtrife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I reſt;
Purſue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where *Plato*'s ſacred ſpirit roves
In all thy beauties dreſt.

He bade *Iliſſus*' tuneful ſtream
Convey thy philoſophic theme
Of PERFECT, FAIR, and GOOD:
Attentive *Athens* caught the ſound,
And all her liſt'ning ſons around
In awful ſilence ſtood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth,
Confeſt the potent voice of Truth,
And felt her juſt controul;
The Paſſions ceaſt their loud alarms,
And Virtue's ſoft perſwaſive charms
O'er all their ſenſes ſtole.

Thy breath inſpires the poet's ſong,
The patriot's triumph o'er the wrong,

The hero's gen'rous ſtrife:
Thine are Retirement's ſilent joys,
And ev'ry ſweet, that never cloys,
Of ſtill, domeſtic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To *Thee!* ſupreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight.
Wiſdom's thy gift, and all her force
From Thee deriv'd, eternal ſource
Of intellectual light!

O ſend her ſure, her ſteady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way
Through paths I ne'er yet trod;
The miſts of Error to controul,
And through its gloom to guide my ſoul
To happineſs and God.

Beneath her clear diſcerning eye
The viſionary ſhadows fly
Of *Folly*'s painted ſhow;
She ſees through ev'ry fair diſguiſe,
That all but *Virtue*'s changeleſs prize,
Is vanity and woe.

XI. *To* ADVERSITY.

DAughter of *Jove*, relentleſs pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron-ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!

Bound

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant-mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, *fly*
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs *Joy*,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe; and with them go
The ſummer-friend, the flatt'ring foe:
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immerſt in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend;
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere;
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant ſad,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon-terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe; and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, Oh goddeſs, wear;
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philoſophic train be there,
To ſoften, not to wound my heart:
The gen'rous ſpark bid to relieve;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to ſcan;
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

XII. *On* MELANCHOLY: *to a* FRIEND.

AH! ceaſe this kind perſuaſive ſtrain,
Which, when it flows from Friendſhip's *tongue*,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpow'rs beyond the ſiren's *ſong*:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muſe upon my woe.
Why lure me from theſe pale retreats?
Why rob me of theſe penſive ſweets?
Can Muſic's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand ſupply

A charm ſo ſuited to my mind,
As blows this hollow guſt of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moſs-grown hill;
Whilſt through the weſt, where ſinks the crimſon day,
Meek Twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners gray?

Say from Affliction's various ſource
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their courſe?
For Fancy is the friend of woe.
Say, 'mid that grove, in love-lorn ſtate,
When yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all that meets the ſhepherd's ear,
Inſpir'd by anguiſh and by fear?
Ah! no: fair Fancy rules the ſong:
She ſwells her throat; ſhe guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aſpin-ſpray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed oſiers *bow*,
And ruſtle round the lake *below*,
To ſuit the tenor of her gargling ſighs,
And ſooth her throbbing breaſt with ſolemn ſympathies.

To thee, whoſe young and poliſht brow
The wrinkling head of Sorrow ſpares;
Whoſe cheeks, with roſes ſtrow'd, allow
No channel for the tide of cares;
To thee yon Abbey, dank and lone,
Where ivy chains each mold'ring ſtone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May caſt a formidable gloom.

Yet ſome there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloiſters drear,
Could rove each deſolated iſle,
Tho' midnight-thunders ſhook the pile;
And dauntleſs view, or ſeem to view
(As faintly flaſh the light'nings blue)
Thin ſhiv'ring ghoſts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with ſilent ſweep the ſhaggy vaults along.

But ſuch terrific charms as theſe,
I aſk not yet: my ſober mind
The fainter forms of ſadneſs pleaſe;
My ſorrows are of ſofter kind.
Through this ſtill valley let me ſtray,
Wrapt in ſome ſtrain of penſive GRAY;
Whoſe lofty genius bears along
The conſcious dignity of ſong;
And ſcorning from the ſacred bow'r
To waſte a note on pride or pow'r,
Roves when the glimm'ring twilight glooms,
And warbles 'mid the ruſtic tombs:
He too perchance, for well I know,
His heart would melt with friendly woe;
He too perchance, when theſe poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful ſigh, and ſooth my hov'ring ſhade.

XIII. *To* HOPE.

FIrſt-born of Heaven! propitious Pow'r,
Who bidd'ſt fell Fear confeſs her foe,
Who antedat'ſt Enjoyment's hour,
And inſtant ſmil'ſt away each woe.

Fair

Fair Faith and Love,
Come from above;
Unite your zeal,
For human weal,
Celeſtial Siſters three!
Enlight, inſpire, exalt the mind:
But thou thrice hail, though ſecond in degree,
Who ſay'ſt to Faith, Believe; to Charity, Be kind.

Who paints, like thee, the jocund Spring,
Whoſe charms each raptur'd bard employ?
Who can like thee fruition fling
On Nature's harbinger of joy?
Who bids to blow
The youthful glow?
Who gives to dance
The piercing glance,
That luſtres in the eye?
Who ſheds freſh ardor o'er the prime?
Who lends to Autumn what wealth cannot buy?
And hails Eternity from out the death of Time?

Unconquer'd, hail, imperial *Rome!*
On *Carthage*'s illuſtrious day;
Thou mourn'ſt immortal *Paulus*' doom,
Who knew to dy, not diſobey.
Yet at ſuch coſt
Thou art not loſt:
By ſiren-Eaſe
And ſoft Diſeaſe
The matchleſs foe's undone;
Security ſecluded Care:
Great *Rome* receiv'd her late-repentant ſon,
O'er more than *Hannibal*, a victor o'er Deſpair.

For,

For, oh! whatever foil or fail,
Thou beam'ſt *Apollo*-like, on all.
What tempeſt can the mind aſſail,
That hears thy ſtill-benignant call?
Haſte, haſte, ariſe,
Ye fools, be wiſe:
'Tis ne'er too late
To conquer Fate,
Though palpable the gloom,
Know all is bliſs, that looks annoy,
Let confidence divine the ſoul illume,
That he who ſows in tears, ſhall build his ſheaves with joy.

O bliſsful ſound! enchanting voice!
Avant vile Doubt and daſtard Fear,
Where Sorrow muſt herſelf rejoice
To ſee the Cloud or Pillar near.
Hail heavenly guide,
Our prop and pride!
In weal and woe
Before us go;
And lead us through the wild.
We feel, we feel thy ſov'reign ray,
Who ever follow'd thee, and was beguil'd?
Bleſt chearer of the night, and charmer of the day,

But ſee a meteor mock thy guiſe,
Deluding with fictitious fire;
By Folly blown to cheat our eyes,
And for Deſert to ſhow Deſire.
Preſumption's Flame
Conceals her ſhame

Before

Before the ray
That lights thy way,
Perennial ſpring of bliſs,
Uncarkt by Care, unvext with Striſe,
Who bidd'ſt the future age commence in this;
Conq'reſs of terror's king, ſweet pledge of endleſs life.

XIV. *To* HEALTH.

GODDESS! preſiding o'er the plains,
Auſpicious to the lab'ring ſwains,
Hygieia, thou whoſe eyes diſplay
The luſtre of meridian day,
Whoſe roſeate cheeks ſuch tints adorn,
As paint the bluſh of conſcious Morn,
When glowing with ſuperior charms
She woos young *Ceph'lus* to her arms:
Dryad, that lov'ſt at early dawn
Vig'rous to trace the dewy lawn,
To breath the balm-impregned gale,
When flow'rs their liquid ſouls exhale:
But chief, who lov'ſt, like *Cynthus'* queen,
In golden zone, and mantle green,
Grac'd with the quiver's iv'ry pride
Thy beauteous locks with fillets ti'd,
To urge the keen fate-pointed dart,
That ſwift o'ertakes the flying hart:
When ſated with the vig'rous ſport,
To what cool grot doſt thou reſort?

In

In what pure ſpring's tranſlucent wave
Doſt thou delight thy limbs to lave?
What though no ſculpture's forming art
Does to rough marble life impart;
No canvas drinks the vari'd dies,
That ſpeak hiſtoric to the eyes;
No pealing organ ſwells the note,
No viol aids the eunuch's throat?
Yet there ſhall ſmiling *Flora* bring
The blooming pride of all the ſpring,
Shall bid the ſtately tulips riſe,
And crocus ſhine in golden dies;
Shall bid the lily, jaſmin, roſe,
O'erſhade thee in thy ſoft repoſe.
There too each poet of the grove,
Inſpir'd by thee with joy ſhall rove,
Shall wake ſome ſweetly-ſoothing ſtrain,
Which *Phebus'* ſelf might entertain.
Pale Envy there ſhall ne'er be ſeen,
Nor Lux'ry, ſoft, enſlaving queen!
Shall introduce diſeaſe and pain,
To rack the nerves, and fire the brain,
There *Hope* ſtill plumes his golden wings,
And gay *Content* her requiem ſings;
There ſtill ſhall ſmile heart-chearing Joy,
Of *Innocence* the lovely boy;
Fair *Chaſtity* of heavenly birth,
Scarce daigning to be ſeen on earth;
And *Temp'rance* ſage, with youthful face,
Conſpire to conſecrate the place.
Auſpicious goddeſs, ſtill impart
Thy vital influence to my heart;

For,

For, ah! ſhould'ſt thou withdraw thy aid,
The bloom of all the ſpring would fade;
Muſic in vain to joys inſpire,
And *Diſcord* ſtring the poet's lyre:
Fortune unmarkt would ſmile, and *Fame*
Unheard diffuſe the fav'rite name;
Friendſhip no cordial drop could yield,
Nor *Love* the ſoul from anguiſh ſhield;
E'en *Freedom*'s ſelf would rule in vain,
And all be gloom, and grief, and pain.

XV. *To* HEALTH.

NYMPH, that flit'ſt the crouded ſtreet,
And the proud lord's ſplendid ſeat,
Now a dryad of the wood,
Now a naiad of the flood,
Goddeſs fair, and blithe and gay,
HEALTH, accept th' unpoliſht lay.
Yon pleaſing, ſhady row of trees,
Freſh zephyr's cool and fragrant breeze,
The lov'd approach of eve or *dawn*,
The walk through waving ears of *corn*,
The gliding ſtream, the hawthorn ſhade,
Sweet *Philomela*'s ſerenade!
The lily's beauteous virgin-ſnows,
The cowſlip pale, and rath primroſe,
And each gay, each rural ſight
Yield no pleaſure or delight

To

To the wretch that ſighs for thee,
Sighs for Health and Liberty.
Silvan maiden, blooming fair,
Hear thy conſtant vot'ry's pray'r.
From the barren deſart haſte,
From *Norwegia*'s chearleſs waſte,
From the cataracts of Nile,
Or *Bermuda*'s pleaſant iſle;
Through fair *Britain*'s meadows ſtray,
Come and make all Nature gay!

XVI. *To* HEALTH.

BUXOM nymph all nymphs excelling,
Say where haſt thou fixt thy dwelling?
Haſt thou plac'd thy bed of reſt
In *Arabia* the bleſt;
Where ſpicy zephyrs all the year
Breathe upon the atmoſphere:
Odors borrowing and beſtowing,
With eternal freſhneſs glowing?
Or in *Afric*'s auburn downs,
Where the ſun the zenith crowns;
Full of heat, and full of fire,
Do thy tumid veins perſpire;
Doſt thou, where the lion lies,
Ply the manly exerciſe?
Skill'd the winged ſpear to throw,
Or to bend the ſtubborn bow?

Or

Or rangeſt thou, where, bleak and foul,
The ungenial north-winds howl?
Do *Lapland*'s hamlets charm thy ſight,
Candi'd o'er with gliſt'ning white?
On ſolid waters doſt thou ſlide,
Or, drawn by rapid raindeer, ride?
Or doſt thou flouriſh ſtrong and hale,
Ermin'd in *Siberia*'s vale?
Wafted o'er th' *Atlantic* waves,
To the land of gold and ſlaves;
To the land of fruit and flow'rs,
Conſtant winds, and punctual ſhow'rs;
Where far beyond th' *Herculean* bars,
Columbus found new lands and ſtars;
All-coveted, all-courted fair,
Tell me, charmer! art thou there?
Is thy courſe propitious bent,
To *Europa*'s continent?
Forth to *Gallia*'s ſouthern ſhores,
Doſt thou bear thy balmy ſtores?
Or the pride of haughty *Spain*,
In *Andaluſia* doſt thou reign?
Or where *Brunduſium* ſtood of yore,
Or where *Liſbon* is——no more?
Or hither com'ſt with all thy ſmiles,
To fair Freedom's weſtern iſles?
Thee nor *Araby* can boaſt,
Thee, nor *Afric*'s tawny coaſt;
Thou art not of local reſt,
Not in north, or ſouth, or weſt;
Not in climate, or in zone;
But in TEMPERANCE alone.

XVII. *To*.

XVII. *To* SLEEP.

MORPHEUS, balmy god of ſleep,
Softly o'er my ſenſes creep:
Gently ſteal my heart from care,
Shed, O ſhed thy poppies there:
Come, O come, and with thee bring
Odors dropping from thy wing.

Come, and with thy bleſſings crown'd,
Wave thy dewy wand around;
Dipt in HYBLA's roſy bed,
Wave it o'er my ſlumb'ring head:
Still, as SILENCE, let me ly;
Still, as ſummer-breezes fly.

Softly beat, ye ſprings of life;
Ceaſe, ah ceaſe your buſy ſtrife.
See the ſilent God deſcends!
O'er the world his reign extends:
See him ſpread his peaceful ſway,
See all Nature him obey!

Calm inſpire my golden dreams,
Calmer than the dimpled ſtreams:
Bind my eyes with ſilken ſtrings:
What is all the pomp of Kings?
Downy god, in peace with you,
Let me bid the world adieu.

XVIII. *To* FEAR.

O Thou, dread foe of honor, wealth, and fame,
Whoſe touch can quell the ſtrong, the fierce can tame,
Relentleſs Fear! ah! why did fate ordain
My trembling heart to own thy iron-reign!
There are, thrice happy! who diſdain thy ſway;
The merchant wand'ring o'er the wat'ry way;
The chief ſerene, before th' aſſaulted wall!
The climbing ſtateſman, thoughtleſs of his fall;
All whom the love of wealth or pow'r inſpires,
And all who burn with proud Ambition's fires.
But peaceful bards thy conſtant preſence know,
O thou of ev'ry glorious deed the foe!
Of thee the ſilent ſtudious race complains,
And Learning groans a captive in thy chains.
The ſecret wiſh, when ſome fair object moves,
And cautious Reaſon what we wiſh approves,
Thy gorgon-front forbids to graſp the prize,
And ſeas are ſpread between, and mountains riſe;
Thy magic arts a thouſand fantoms raiſe,
And fanci'd deaths and dangers fill our ways.
With ſmiling Hope, you wage eternal ſtrife,
And envious ſnatch the cup of joy from life.
O leave, tremendous pow'r! the blameleſs breaſt;
Of guilt alone the tyrant and the gueſt:
Go, and thy train of ſable horrors ſpread,
Where Murder meditates the future dead;
Where Rapine watches for the gloom of night,
And lawleſs Paſſion pants for others' right;

Go

Go to the bad, but from the good recede,
No more the foe of ev'ry glorious deed.

XIX. *To* ENVY.

CHILD of Ill-nature! on whose ruffled brow
Stern Malice knits her inauspicious frown;
Fell canker to the bud of growing worth!
Proud selfish imp! and foe to young renown.

Avant—nor seek to taint my honest heart:
Far be such baneful visitants away!
Where tim'rous Merit sits behind a cloud,
I strive to bring her to the blaze of day.

Go! court acquaintance with some sordid mind,
Pour all thy complicated venom there,
Thou hateful compound of pernicious ills,
Suspicion, falsehood, rancor, and despair.

Ah! how shall Modesty her charms reveal,
While thou art near to blast her lovely name!
And while the bashful nymph comes trembling on,
Restrain her step, and vilify her fame!

Possest with thee the pseudo-critic foams,
And gnaws his lip in agony of rage;
Then fiercely waves his litigating pen,
And frights the minor poets of the age.

But, Envy, vain is all thy rankling spite:
Impartial Time thy calumny shall raze,
While gen'rous critics fan the poet's fire,
And bid his embers kindle to a blaze.

XX. *To*

XX. *To* CONFINEMENT,

By a Nobleman under Cromwel's *uſurpation.*

BEAT on, proud billows; *Boreas*, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as *Jove*'s roof;
Your incivility muſt ſhow,
That innocence is tempeſt-proof.
Though ſurly *Nereus* frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then ſtrike, Affliction! for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miſcalls a jail,
A private cloſet is to me;
Whilſt a good conſcience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, and ſolitude together met,
Make me no pris'ner, but an anchoret.

Here ſin, for want of food, muſt *ſtarve*,
Where tempting objects are not ſeen;
And theſe ſtrong walls do only *ſerve*
To keep Vice out, and keep me in.
Malice is now grown charitable, ſure:
I'm not committed; I'm but kept ſecure.

And, whilſt I wiſh to be retir'd,
Into this private room I'm turn'd;
As if their wiſdom had conſpir'd,
The ſalamander ſhould be burn'd:
Or, like thoſe ſophiſts who would drown a fiſh,
I am condemn'd to ſuffer what I wiſh.

The *Cynic* hugs his poverty,
The pelican her *wilderneſs*,
And 'tis the *Indian*'s pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucaſus*:
Contentment feels no ſmart; *ſtoics*, we ſee,
Make torments eaſy by their apathy.

I'm in this cabinet lockt *up*,
Like ſome high-prized margarite;
Or like ſome Great-Mogul or *Pope*,
I'm cloiſter'd up from vulgar ſight:
Retir'dneſs is a part of majeſty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Theſe manacles upon mine *arm*,
I as my miſtreſs' favors wear;
And then to keep my ancles *warm*,
I have ſome iron-ſhackles there:
Theſe walls are but my garriſon; this cell
Men call a jail, but proves my citadel.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Proſperity muſt treaſon ſeem;
And then to ſmooth ſo rough a path,
I patience can acquire from him.
Now not to ſuffer ſhows no loyal heart;
When kings want eaſe, ſubjects muſt learn to ſmart.

Thus he that ſtruck at *Jaſon*'s life,
Thinking to make his purpoſe ſure;
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to his cure:
Malice, we ſee, wants wit; for what is meant
Miſchief, oft-times proves favor in th' event.

Although

Although I cannot ſee my king,
Either in perſon, or in *coin*:
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not, *mine*:
My king from me no adamant can part,
Whom I ſtill wear engraven on my heart.

Have you not heard the nightingale,
A priſ'ner cloſe kept in a cage;
How ſhe chants forth her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage?
Her very melody muſt plainly *prove*,
Her boughs are trees, her cage a pleaſant *grove*.

I am that bird which they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
And though my corpſe they can confine,
Yet maugre that my ſoul is free:
Though I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and ſing,
Diſgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My ſoul is free as th' ambient air,
Which does my outward parts include;
Whilſt loyal thoughts do ſtill repair,
To company my ſolitude.
What though they do with chains my body bind?
My King alone can captivate my mind.

XXI. *To* LIBERTY.

HAIL, Liberty! thou ſacred pow'r,
Which ever with fair Virtue ſhines;
Not all the gold can purchaſe thee,
That blazes in bright weſtern mines.

Not the gay guards in glitt'ring arms,
Who croud in pomp the monarch's gate,
Can to his ſoul wiſht freedom give,
If crimes and fears attend his ſtate.

'Tis Virtue, godlike and divine,
That makes the gen'rous heroe brave;
The baſe will always meanly think:
For Vice was ever born a ſlave.

The ravager of half the globe
Will ſigh at laſt for thee in vain,
Who, though thou ſcorn'ſt the tyrant's pride,
Spontaneous wait'ſt in Virtue's train.

How is the humble cottage bleſt
With thy propitious, chearing ſmile!
While jealouſies and racking cares
Torment the knave, with all his guile.

But in the ſacred, laurel-ſhade,
While rapt'rous thoughts my boſom *move*,
Thou daign'ſt to fire my glowing ſoul,
With thine, and heav'nly Virtue's *love*.

Thus I: but then ſupremely bleſt,
That great, all-pitying, godlike mind,
Whoſe labors, utmoſt wiſhes, plan
The happineſs of all mankind.

Oh!

Oh! might I live to praiſe thy deeds,
And riſe by thee to deathleſs fame;
Thy glories would my breaſt inſpire,
And ſet my raptur'd thought on flame.

Who art thou, who?—The ſolar orb,
In his meridian, fulleſt blaze,
Darts not around him ſtronger light,
Or brighter, royal beams diſplays.

To conquer, is the heroe's crown;
But 'tis the part of heav'n to ſave:
Thoſe laurels that with mercy ſhine,
Alone ſurvive the gloomy grave.

XXII. *To* DIGNITY.

Inſcribed and applied to Lady HUSSEY DELAVAL.

WHate'er the ſenſe, whate'er the face,
Whate'er the beauties all combin'd;
'Tis DIGNITY, that gives the grace,
And forms the fair, as firſt deſign'd.
Through life we have a ſterling rule,
To make the nobleſt points our aim;
And DIGNITY commands the ſchool
Of all that excellence we claim.

O never yet the gift of chance,
Or bought by wealth, or forc'd by pow'r;
For thee the champion graſps his lance,
For thee the flights of Fancy tow'r.

Thine is the great and perfect praiſe
Of fathers kind, and lovers true;
Stern cenſure ſmiles thy worth to blaze,
And owns the myrtle-wreath thy due.

'Tis DIGNITY ſupports the ſong,
By ſenſe to choiceſt ſounds alli'd;
The Muſes do thy Graces wrong,
Unleſs her influence preſide.
O fountain of all female worth,
That play'ſt ſo ſweet, and ſo ſublime;
To feed the flow of decent mirth,
The *pride* of PLACE the *life* of TIME.

Hail Condeſcenſion, heavenly-mild,
By which no majeſty is loſt;
Thee Faith and Truth their queen have ſtil'd,
And ſtill with awful love accoſt.
On thee, ten thouſand bleſſings wait,
In bright ſucceſſion, without pauſe;
If, Charmer, thou haſt found thy mate,
His name is HONOR and APPLAUSE.

XXIII. *To* FRIENDSHIP.

FRiendſhip, peculiar boon of *heaven*,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only *given*,
To all the lower world deni'd;

While

While *Love*, unknown among the bleſt,
Parent of thouſand wild deſires,
The ſavage and the human breaſt
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft deſtructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his light'nings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the ſky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltleſs *joys*
On fools and villains ne'er deſcend:
In vain for thee the tyrant *ſighs*,
And hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

Directreſs of the brave and juſt,
O guide us through life's darkſom way!
And let the tortures of miſtruſt
On ſelfiſh boſoms only prey.

Nor ſhall thine ardors ceaſe to glow,
When ſouls to bliſful climes *remove*:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happineſs *above*.

XXIV. *To* SILENCE.

SILENCE, thou gentle nurſe of thought,
And friend to wiſdom's rules;
Fair Science oft thy aid has ſought,
When tir'd with noiſy ſchools.

With thee, when vain amuſements tire,
We languiſh to be bleſt;
'Tis thine to ſooth, compoſe, inſpire,
And give for tumult reſt.

The ſprightly ſong, the jocund tale,
The dance, the glitt'ring cloud,
While laughter, jeſt, and ſport prevail,
Are wild, confus'd, and loud.

Thy ſober pauſe of calm delight,
Relieves the madly gay;
So grateful interpoſing night
Succeeds the buſy day.

Even muſic ows her charms to thee,
As colors to the ſhade;
And all her pow'rs, whate'er they be,
Were vain without thy aid.

Thy ſolemn influence when we ſhare,
Indulgent, ſoft, and kind;
Reflexion comes with ſerious air,
And whiſpers to the mind:

A maxim whiſpers, O how true!
That 'tis my chief concern,
My thoughts in ſilence to review,
And only hear and learn.

XXV. *To* PEACE.

COME, lovely gentle Peace of mind,
With all thy ſmiling nymphs around,
Content and Innocence combin'd,
With wreaths of ſacred olive crown'd.

Come, thou that lov'ſt the walk at eve,
The banks of murm'ring ſtreams along;
That lov'ſt the crouded court to leave,
And hear the milk-maid's ſimple ſong:

That lov'ſt with Contemplation's eye
The headlong cataract to view,
That foams and thunders from on high,
While echoes oft the ſound renew;

That lov'ſt the dark ſequeſter'd wood,
Where Silence ſpreads her brooding wings;
Nor leſs the lakes tranſlucent flood,
The moſſy grots and bubbling ſprings.

With thee the lamp of wiſdom burns,
The guiding light to realms above;
With thee the raptur'd mortal learns
The wonders of celeſtial love:

With thee the poor have endleſs wealth,
And ſacred freedom glads the ſlave;
With thee the ſick rejoice in health,
The weak are ſtrong, the fearful brave.

O lovely gentle Peace of mind,
Be thou on earth my conſtant gueſt;
With thee, whate'er on earth I find,
The pledge of heaven ſhall make me bleſt.

XXVI. *To* CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
Ambition searches all her sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee here.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in her gold enshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Through rocks, and keeps the seas at bay,
To gain thy love; and then he finds
Thou wert nor in the waves nor winds.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesom o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know,
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,

Converse

Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below:
The reſt ſhe ſeeks, in ſeeking dies;
And doubts at laſt for knowlege riſe.

Lovely, laſting Peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art near,
Is once again with *Eden* bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood;
Nor ſaw, as loſt in thought I rav'd,
The branches whiſper, as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſt the preſence of the grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace ſhall prove its gueſt;
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd like ſeers of ancient days,
In heavenly viſion, pray'r, and praiſe.
Pleaſing all men, hurting *none*;
Pleas'd, and bleſt with God *alone*.
Then, while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colors of delight;
While ſilver-waters glide along
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong;

I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring;
And thee, great Source of Nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon, that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars, that gild the gloomy night;
The ſea, that waves unnumber'd heaves;
The wood, that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field, whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker, as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy, or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

XXVII. *Imitation of* HORACE ii. 14.

SWIFT flies, dear friend, Time's tranſient wave,
To diſembogue us in the grave:
Fate bears an univerſal ſway,
We molder by degrees away;
Even ſaints, who moſt death's ſting defy,
Yet, at their call to bliſs, muſt dy.

Should we, to ſullen fate each day
A hecatomb for off'ring pay,

We

We yet no pity ſhould excite;
Even *Og* and *Iſhbibenob*'s might *,
Whoſe looks made armies quit the field,
Muſt to the king of terrors yield.

Poor ſlaves, with thoſe who ſcepters bore,
Sink huddled into native ore;
They who war, ſhipwrec, plague, ſurvive,
In vain with Death for maſt'ry ſtrive:
All paſs the gulf, and all muſt ſhare
The beggar's, or the rich-man's fare.

This paradiſe, my joy of life,
Theſe pretty babes, this pleaſing wife,
Theſe plants, flow'rs, groves, which charm my eyes,
I muſt forſake at Death's ſurpriſe:
Cypreſs alone will with me ſtay,
To ſhroud its ſhort-liv'd maſter's clay.

Yet Death in vain exerts his might
To rob me of one dear delight;
Sweet muſic and devoted ſong
I hope to perfect and prolong;
While I with heavenly minſtrelſy,
Shall hymn the coharmonious THREE!

O! while we breathe this fleeting air,
May we for endleſs life prepare;
To love divine continue chaſte,
All its ſweet effluences taſte;
Till at the ſource, when going hence,
We drink our fill of joy immenſe!

* *Deut.* iii. 2 *Sam.* xxi.

XXVIII. *Imitation of* HORACE iv. 9.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall dy,
Which ſounds the ſilver *Thames* along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong.

Though daring MILTON ſits ſublime,
In SPENSER native muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall WALLER yield to Time,
Nor penſive COWLEY's moral lay.

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had *birth*,
Ere CESAR was, or NEWTON nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new empires o'er the *earth*,
And thoſe new heavens and ſyſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they di'd:
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

XXIX. *On* DEATH *in the field.*

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori!

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
With all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallow'd mold;

She

She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
Honor shall come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

XXX. *The general* Epitaph *of* DEMOSTHENES.

Translated from the original Greek.

THESE for their country's cause were sheath'd in arms,
And all base imputations dar'd despise;
And *nobly* struck with GLORY's *dreadful charms*,
Made death their aim, eternity their prize.
For never could their mighty spirits yield,
To see themselves and countrymen in chains;
And earth's kind bosom hides them in the field
Of battle; so the WILL SUPREME ordains.
To conquer chance and error's not reveal'd:
For mortals sure mortality remains.

XXXI. ADRIANI MORIENTIS, *ad Animam ſuam.*

ANimula, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis!
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, frigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

Ma petite Ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu ſache où tu vas.
Tu pars ſeulette, nue, & tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing,
Muſt we no longer live *together?*
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not *whither?*

The hum'rous vein, the pleaſing folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

XXXII. *The dying* CHRISTIAN *to his ſoul.*

VITAL ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter-ſpirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight?
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death where is thy ſting?

XXXIII. IM-

XXXIII. IMPIO GRAVE.

TRISTE! vir, femina,
Mors quidem gemina
Te manet jam:
Quicquid nunc te beat,
Requiem praebeat,
Ultra quod debeat;
Infert se clam.

Tu licet floreas,
Afflat cum Boreas;
Te manet jam:
Etsi non jaculis,
Et fine baculis;
Sic fine faculis,
Infert se clam.

Fingat vel cor tuum
Nunquam, te mortuum;
Te manet jam:
Nil nocens inditur,
Nec vena scinditur;
Osque non finditur;
Infert se clam.

Quantumvis acrior
Mens, et alacrior;
Te manet jam:
Quamvis par Hectori
Insit vis pectori;
Tormenta nec tori;
Infert se clam.

Bustum det varius
Tum lapis Parius;
Quid pote jam?
Coelum non scandere,
Orcum non pandere,
Sulphur nec mandere:
Proh! animam.

XXXIV. PIO LEVAMEN.

LAETUM! vir, femina,
Vitae vis gemina
Te manet jam:
Mundus non te beat;
Adhuc nec praebeat
Quod tibi debeat;
Infert se clam.

Quamvis, cum floreas,
Afflarit Boreas;
Te manet jam;
Etsi mors jaculis
Petat, vel baculis,
Irruat faculis;
Infert se clam.

Terreas cor tuum,
Fingens te mortuum;
Te manet jam:
Cum nocens inditur,
Cum vena scinditur,
Osque cum finditur;
Infert se clam.

Ergo fit acrior
Mens, et alacrior;
Te manet jam:
Major ac Hectori,
Insit vis pectori;
Formidans nec tori;
Infert se clam.

Bustum nec varius
Det lapis Parius;
Quid tibi jam?
Coelum sed scandere,
Abdita pandere,
Mellea mandere:
Euge! animam.

XXXIII. WO *to the* IMPIOUS!

WO, man or maid, to thee!
DEATH's grisly shade to thee
Terror must bring:
Whate'er profanity
Dazzles humanity,
All is vile vanity,
Clos'd in a sting.

Not, though victorious
Over proud *Boreas*,
O'er the fell king!
What though no dart by day,
No nightly art thee slay,
No Light'ning's parting ray?
Sure is the sting!

Though thy heart flatter thee,
That nought shall batter thee,
Life's on the wing.
What though no bane inglide,
Full waft each vein her tide,
Each bone remain thy pride?
Certain's the sting.

Though in no fear thou be,
But in high chear thou be,
Mark the grim king!
Though thou'rt as Hector strong,
By means direct or wrong
Dire Death expect ere long
With double sting.

Though the stone parian
Build bust cesarean,
What thence shall spring?
High heav'n now hides her face,
Hell now abides the place;
Woes on all sides embrace:
Poor dying thing!

XXXIV. *To the* PIOUS JOY!

JOY, man or maid, to thee!
DEATH's welcome shade to thee
New life must bring:
Whate'er profanity
Dazzles humanity,
Thou seest vile vanity;
Hail, awful king!

Thou, not victorious
Over proud *Boreas*,
Foil'st the fell king.
What though the dart by day,
Or the dark art thee slay,
Or Light'ning's smartest ray?
Thou know'st no sting.

Thy heart ne'er flatters thee,
That nothing batters thee;
Thy life's in spring.
What though each bane inglide,
Full waft no vein her tide,
No bone remain thy pride?
Death has no sting.

Then in no fear be thou,
But in high chear be now,
Hail the kind king!
Still be as Hector strong;
By means direct or wrong
Thou may'st expect ere long
Death without sting.

Though no stone parian
Build bust cesarean,
Thy soul shall sing:
Heaven now abides the place,
Horrid hell hides her face;
Joys on all sides embrace:
Death! where's thy sting?

ELE-

ELEGIES.

I. *A* SOLILOQUY *on the death of ſeveral friends, in a few weeks.*

WEIGH well, my ſoul, while yet there's time,
The tranſient fate of earthly things:
On *Jacob*'s ſacred ladder climb
To *Jacob*'s God, the King of kings,

Farewel, ye vain, I hate your ways;
Ye grov'ling ſons of pride, adieu;
Poor Av'rice, how thy hope decays!
Thy ſteps I tremble to purſue.

To *Sion*'s hill I lift my eye,
To *Sion*'s hill direct my feet;
From all things learn to live and dy,
From all the vile and vain retreat.

Among the dead fond Mem'ry weeps,
O'er graves of lov'd aſſociates gone:
The ſcythe of death, how near it ſweeps!
'Twill be my turn to fall anon.

See, where an old acquaintance lies!
Another! and another here!
This once, on earth, was counted wiſe;
Facetious this, and this ſincere!

This was good-natur'd to a fault,
And this was charitably giv'n;

Alike

Alike they molder in the vault,
Ah! that alike they roſe to heav'n.

She that lies here, was fair and young,
The fond delight of ev'ry eye!
Heav'n claim'd its own: away ſhe ſprung,
Tranſplanted now to yonder ſky.

There ſtill ſhe blooms a heavenly flow'r,
Again thoſe lovely beauties blow:
Her virtues ſent th' eternal bow'r,
Untainted by the gales below.

Teach me, O thou! that teacher art
Of ev'ry duty here below;
The number of my days impart!
Be thou my guide where'er I go.

I aſk no gold, nor length of days;
I meet thy will: thy will be done:
I know that time itſelf decays,
And gold but ſparkles in the ſun.

When chaſten'd, let me kiſs the rod;
I wiſh no tranſient joy to claim:
Be thou my portion, O my God!
Through heaven's eternal year the ſame.

II. *On ſeeing a* SCULL.

THIS preacher, ſilent, yet ſevere,
Proclaims mortality to man:
Thou, like this emblem, ſhalt appear,
When Time has meaſur'd out thy ſpan.

Here

Here once was fixt the dimpled cheek;
And from this fallow naked crown,
The curling honors, long and sleek,
Fell light and negligently down.

This part once fortifi'd the brain,
The seat of sense, in ages fled;
Whence haply flow'd the raptur'd strain,
Or truths, by sacred science bred.

Here hung the lips that once could smile,
And here were fixt the orbs of light;
Extinguisht now, corrupt and vile,
Suffus'd in everlasting night.

Behold the sockets empty space
Affrights the yet-perceiving eye,
And spreads pale horror o'er the face
Of all who live, alas! to dy.

Here yet remain, expos'd and bare,
By dust defil'd of earthly hue,
Those teeth that age vouchsaf'd to spare,
A useless and a mold'ring few!

Gay friend, here hung the list'ning ear,
That fed the soul with sense, by sound;
Here the loquacious tongue; and here
The nose, on this distorted wound!

These all had converse with the soul,
Mysterious work of heavenly skill!
Clay join'd to spirit form'd a whole,
And quicken'd dust obey'd the will.

God call'd the life he lent, away:
The dust return'd to whence it came;

The ſpirit left the ſtiff'ning clay,
And Death diſſolv'd the wond'rous frame.

Be witty, mortal, bold, and free;
Yet own thy knowlege centers there!
Ere long thy ſcalp like this ſhall be,
Not worth the ſordid ſexton's care.

This once, perhaps, a ſtateſman's ſchemes
Of guilty wealth and pow'r contain'd:
Where now are all his flatt'ring dreams?
And whoſe the mighty ſums he gain'd?

Perhaps ſome former *Garrick* bore
This ſcalp aloft with graceful pride:
Alas! his action charms no more,
That once new force to wit ſupply'd.

Perhaps, with cunning quibbles fill'd,
'Twas once a lawyer's—arch and dry;
To obviate ev'ry claim though ſkill'd,
He paid one debt, decreed to dy.

Perhaps ſome haughty beauty's charms,
Adorn'd this bone with white and red:
No more the nymph the world alarms,
The lilies and the roſes fled.

Perhaps a crown theſe temples bound;
Before it ſubject nations bow'd:
Now, undiſtinguiſht in the ground,
The beggar tramples on the proud.

What cauſe has mortal fleſh to boaſt
Of tranſient knowlege, wealth, and pow'r?
The ſummons comes: we give the ghoſt,
And all are nothing in an hour.

All,

All, all muſt paſs this dreary road
To duſt and ſilence, cold and gloom;
All reſt in one obſcure abode,
The dwelling of the world, the tomb!

O thou whoſe gift is life! beſtow
Yet more in virtue and in truth;
And lead me through this vale of woe;
The ſtaff of age, and guide of youth.

Suſtain me in the mortal hour!
For then 'tis thine alone to ſave;
Then let me triumph in thy pow'r,
A joyful victor o'er the grave.

III. *On finding an* URN.

POOR trifling mortal, tell me why
Thou haſt diſturb'd my urn;
Want'ſt thou to find out what am I?
Vain man! attend and learn,

To know what letters ſpelt my name,
Is uſeleſs quite to thee;
A heap of duſt is all my frame,
And all that thou ſhalt be.

Go now that heap of duſt explore,
Meaſure its grains, or weigh;
Can'ſt thou the title which I bore
Diſtinguiſh in the clay?

What glitt'ring honors, or high truſt,
Once dignifi'd me here,

Were

Were characters impreſt on duſt,
  Which quickly diſappear.

Nor will the ſparkling atoms ſhow
  A *Clodius*, or a *Guelph*;
Vain ſearch! if here the ſource thou'd'ſt know,
  Of Nobles, or thyſelf.

The mold will yield no evidence,
  By which thou may'ſt divine,
If lords or beggars iſſu'd thence,
  And form'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of *birth*:
  Condition, honors, name,
Are all but modes of common *earth*;
  The ſubſtance ſtill the ſame.

Bid Av'rice and Ambition view
  Th' extent of all their gains;
Themſelves, and their poſſeſſions too
  A gallon-vaſe contains.

Haſte, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
  To more ſubſtantial bliſs;
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,
  Which ends in dirt like this.

Let Virtue be thy radiant guide,
  'Twill dignify thy clay,
And raiſe thy aſhes glorifi'd,
  When ſuns ſhall fade away.

IV. *Written in* Pancras-*Churchyard.*

——*Diſce mori.*

FROM wanton ſcenes *—the ſhow of fools,
Ye idle here repair!
Where wiſdom—yet untaught in ſchools,
Embalms this calmer air!

Here Pride has ſtruck her lofty ſail,
That rov'd the world around;
Here roſeate Beauty, cold and pale,
Has loſt the pow'r to wound.

Alas! no pleaſing objects here
The periſht ſenſe invite;
No muſic charms the tuneful ear,
No colors glad the ſight.

Within this ſilent ſpot of peace,
What numbers ly compreſt!
The wicked here from miſchief ceaſe,
The weary here find reſt.

Here let me muſe!—and, wrapt in thought,
The realms of Death ſurvey:
Till, by the view reflexive, taught,
I learn to live to-day.

How vain is life! to-morrow's dawn,
Perhaps I ne'er may ſee!
Between, how ſlight the curtain drawn
Eternity and me!

* *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*-gardens.

Indulgent GOD! whatever ſhare
Of fleeting life I prove,
O! be it ſtill my foremoſt care
To gain thy guardian love!

That ſo—when this diſſolving frame
Shall mingle with the duſt,
Preſerv'd my better part may claim
A portion with the juſt!

Impriſon'd in this houſe of clay,
The ſoul dejected ſighs;
By Death unchain'd—ſhe ſoars away,
And ſeeks her native ſkies.

V. *An* ELEGY *written in a Country-Church-yard.*

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtilneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening-care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful *toil*,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful *ſmile*,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowlege to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſt their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields *withſtood*;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's *blood*.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd:
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding croud's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deckt,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to dy.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred-ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding *beech*
That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide wou'd he *ſtretch*,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſt in hopeleſs love.

One morn I miſt him on the cuſtom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite-tree:
Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,
The next with dirges due in ſad array
Slow through the churchway-path we ſaw him *born*;
Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged *thorn*:

The EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy markt him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

VI. *On the death of a* LADY.

THE midnight-clock has toll'd; and hark! the bell
Of death beats flow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauſes now: and now, with riſing knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its ſullen ſound.

Yes,

Yes, *** is dead, attend the ſtrain,
Daughters of *Albion!* ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantaſtic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:
For ſhe was fair beyond your brighteſt bloom:
(This Envy owns, ſince now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light viſion round the poet's head.

Whene'er with ſoft ſerenity ſhe ſmil'd,
Or caught the orient bluſh of quick ſurpriſe;
How ſweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid luſtre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its tranſient glory caſt;
Some lovelier wonder ſoon uſurpt the place,
Chas'd by a charm ſtill lovelier than the laſt.

That bell again! it tells us what ſhe *is*:
On what ſhe was no more the ſtrain prolong:
Luxuriant fancy, pauſe——an hour like *this*
Demands the tribute of a ſerious ſong.

Maria claims it from that ſable bier,
Where cold and wan the ſlumb'rer reſts her head;
In ſtill ſmall whiſpers to Reflexion's ear,
She breathes the ſolemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud;
Proclaim the theme by ſage, by fool, *rever'd*;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud:
'Tis nature ſpeaks, and nature will be *heard*.

Yes, ye ſhall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While high with health, your hearts exulting leap:

Even in the midſt of pleaſure's mad career,
The mental monitor ſhall wake and weep.
For ſay, than that propitious to the fair,
What brighter planet could your bliſs infuſe;
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler ſhare,
In life to laviſh, or by death to loſe?

Early to loſe; while, born on buſy wing,
Ye ſip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while baſking in the beams of ſpring,
The wint'ry ſtorm that ſweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
That led her hence, though ſoon by ſteps ſo ſlow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient ſtand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:
To give Reflexion time, with lenient art,
Each fond deluſion from her ſoul t' expel;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world ſhe lov'd ſo well.

Say, are ye ſure his mercy ſhall extend
To you ſo long a ſpan? Alas! ye ſigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal eaſe to ſleep or dy.

Nor think the Muſe, whoſe ſober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot-frown her ſullen brow;
Caſts round religion's orb the miſts of fear,
Or ſhades with horrors, what would ſmiles allow.

No: ſhe would warm you with ſeraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heaven aſpire,
Nor ſink and ſlumber in your cells of clay.

Know

Know ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliſs to lave;
Force then, ſecure in Faith's protecting ſhield,
The ſting from Death, the victʼry from the grave.

Is this the bigot's rant? away ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulneſs ſteep;
Go, ſooth your ſouls in ſickneſs, grief, or pain,
With the ſad ſolace of eternal ſleep!

Yet will I praiſe you, trifflers as ye *are*,
More than thoſe * preachers of your favʼrite creed,
Who proudly ſwell the brazen throat of *war*;
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;

Nor wiſh for more: who conquer, but to dy.
Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
Like you, they reaſon; not, like you, they try
The breeze of bliſs, that fills your ſilken ſail.

On pleaſure's glittʼring ſtream you gaily ſteer
Your little courſe to cold oblivion's ſhore:
They dare the ſtorm, and, through thʼ inclement year,
Stem the rough ſurge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? that juſt fate denies.
Long muſt the warrior molder in his ſhroud,
Eʼer from her trump the heaven-breathʼd accents riſe,
That lift the heroe from the fighting croud.

Is it his graſp of empire to extend?
To curb hoſtilities, or baffle views?
Ambition, ceaſe: the idle conteſt end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canſt win or loſe.

* Such as the *philoſophe ſans ſouci*.

And why muſt murder'd myriads loſe their all,
(If life be all) why deſolation lour,
With famiſht frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'ſt flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiſer ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance with feſtive freedom gay,
And live your moment, ſince the next ye dy.

Yet know, vain ſceptics, know th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,
Bid his free ſoul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aſpire.

Nor ſhall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
By vain philoſophy be e'er deſtroy'd:
Eternity by all, or wiſht or fear'd,
Shall be by all or ſuffer'd or enjoy'd.

VII. *To* SICKNESS.

HOW blithe the flow'ry graces of the ſpring,
Fom Nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glitt'ring inſect, hov'ring on the wing,
Sings its glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er,
They ſuck the ſweet breath of the bluſhing roſe;
Sport in the gale, or ſip the rainbow-ſtore:
Their life's ſhort day no pauſe of pleaſure knows.

Like theirs, dread Pow'r! my chearful morn diſplay'd
The flatt'ring promiſe of a golden noon,
Till each gay cloud that ſportive Nature made,
By thy forbidding frown was ſcatter'd ſoon.

Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmleſs it paſt 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I ſaw them rove through Pleaſure's flow'ry field,
I ſaw Health paint them with her roſy hand,
Eager to burſt my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mold'ring clay
Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous pow'r,
Ah! muſt the tranſient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour?

Say, ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Full-rigid queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright pow'rs,
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and Nature's fairy bow'rs?

No: let me follow ſtill, thoſe bow'rs among,
Her flow'ry footſteps, as the goddeſs goes!
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compoſe.

And ſuffer, when thy awful pleaſure calls,
The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart;
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls
From Friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart!

Then, though each trembling nerve thrill all thy own,
Ev'n till this anxious being, by thy gloom,

Leave but a name upon a little ſtone,
Without one murmur, I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, ſhelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
Each Muſe has toucht with her immortal fire.

Ev'n he *, ſole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophic ſoul
With ſuch bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
Learnt many a leſſon from thy moral roll.

He † too, who *mourns and keeps his diſtant way*,
His daring mind the humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village-tombs.

Yes, goddeſs, to thy temple's deep receſs,
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The ſiren-throng of follies numberleſs,
Nor wiſh their flatt'ring ſongs ſhould ſooth me more.

Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who, here retir'd, with penſive pleaſure tread
The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For mis'ry raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human-kind.

Then, while Ambition's trump, from age to age,
Her ſlaughter'd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall bear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage,
Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's pray'r!

* *Pope.* † *Gray.*

HYMNS.

I. *A* HYMN, *during* SICKNESS.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent,

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my SAVIOR's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair,
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has di'd,
To make her pardon ſure.

II. *On* RECOVERY *from a tedious ilneſs.*

FATHER divine! eternal One!
While *heav'n* pure homage pays,
From this dark point beneath the ſun,
Accept a *mortal*'s praiſe.

Yet what the praiſe my breath can give?
What's all that I can ſay?
But that the God on whom I live,
Has giv'n me health to-day.

The theme my *voice* in vain eſſays,
Then let my *life* purſue:
Let *what I am* record thy praiſe,
Expreſt *in what I do.*

Thee more than all; and, as myſelf,
Oh! teach me *man* to love!
Be this my fame, my glory, pelf,
My bliſs below, above!

Nor let my love to man be vain,
My love to God be blind;
Of thee ſome *knowlege* let me *gain*,
Some *bleſſing give* mankind.

Through

Through ev'ry change my life may know,
My ebbing, flowing, tides;
Firm be my faith, that all below
Love join'd with *wiſdom* guides:

That ev'n thy *juſtice* tends to bleſs,
Though little underſtood;
That partial evils love expreſs,
And work the gen'ral good.

But frail, alas! this mortal clay;
This reas'ning mind how frail!
Let ſtrength be equal to my day!
Nor *height* nor *depth* prevail!

When o'er my roof Affliction lours,
Suſtain my ſinking heart;
In all my gay unguarded hours,
Oh! keep my better part!

And when this tott'ring fabric falls,
Aſſiſt my ſoul to ſoar,
Where full poſſeſſion never palls,
To know and love thee more.

III. *On* Recovery *from a* Dropsy: *Inſcribed to the Counteſs-dowager of* Coventry.

Whoſo offereth praiſe, glorifieth me. Pſ. l. 23.

For health reſtor'd, and lengthen'd days,
What thanks to God belong!
Hear, gracious Lord, my grateful lays;
Though low, accept the ſong.

Raiſe

Raiſe my weak powers to thanks unfeign'd,
Well-pleaſing in thy ſight;
And let my life, by thee ſuſtain'd,
In gratitude delight.

Recount, my ſoul, with joy and pain,
Thy ſuff'ring partner's woes;
Think o'er the bloated corpſe again,
And the ſad ſcene diſcloſe.

Whether the ſtagnate waters ſwell'd,
Within the veſſels pent,
Or burſting through the tubes impell'd,
O'er every membrane went.

To tell the cauſe, *Boerhaave* *; was thine;
While I who tri'd the woe,
Speak what I felt; alas! 'tis mine
The dire effect to ſhow.

Now, all enflam'd, now chilly-cold,
The varying ſurges rage
Through ev'ry limb, and uncontroul'd,
In their full force engage.

The trembling knees no more ſuſtain
The water's weight *above*,
And ſmit together try in vain,
The load below to *move*.

The fainting heart forgot to beat,
The pulſes ceaſt to play;
Life ſeem'd as in her laſt retreat,
And often ſunk away.

* *See his definition of an* anaſarca.

Not

Not death more near the wretch attends,
Amid the billows caſt,
Who on a floating plank depends,
Or claſps the broken maſt.

Art, with her ſons, brought no relief,
Nor juice nor herb prevail'd;
Drugs ſerv'd but to enrage the grief,
And ev'ry med'cine fail'd.

Alas! how impotent is art,
Ordain'd, by ſecret laws,
Only to act an under-part
To the chief ruling cauſe!

Heav'n to the utmoſt ſometimes tries,
(Its ſtrength in weakneſs ſhown!)
And man's beſt efforts all defies,
To make its goodneſs known.

At length ſpontaneous ſeem to move
Th' impriſon'd floods all o'er,
Through ev'ry op'ning paſſage rove,
And guſh at ev'ry pore.

The waters ſink by ſecret drains:
The blood in crimſon tides
Returning, ſprings in all the veins,
Through ev'ry veſſel glides.

Now med'cines bleſt with pow'r to heal,
(Though long deni'd to ſpeed)
Their granted energy reveal;
New life and health ſucceed.

Surpriſing turn! ſcarce *Noah* view'd
With more delighted eyes,
The deluge drain'd, the world renew'd,
A freſh creation riſe.

Reminded hence, methinks I ſee
One reſurrection paſt;
May the glad emblem prove to me
An earneſt of my laſt.

Hence that grand period let me mark,
Where faith and hope ſhall end;
And let thy merits be my ark,
Bleſt Saviour! Judge! and Friend!

Oh! who can tell thy wond'rous ways,
Thy mercy's countleſs ſtore?
Though all creation ſpeak thy praiſe,
Redemption ſpeaks it more!

I who ſo oft, ſo long, ſo late,
Have all thy mercy prov'd,
Can I forbear to celebrate
Thee, *Jeſus!* thee belov'd?

If for thy ſake, and thine *alone*,
The pray'r was timely heard,
To Thee, with Father, Spirit, *One*—
Be endleſs praiſe preferr'd.

Moreover, Lord, this pray'r be mine,
Since life is longer lent,
Oh! may the loan be wholely thine,
And to thy glory ſpent.

IV. *After*

IV. *After* SORE-EYES.

Written on *Easter-day.*

TO Thee, exhauſtleſs Source of light,
My, humbleſt, higheſt, praiſe be paid,
For this thy gift regiv'n of ſight,
When ſtruggling Art confeſt thine aid.

Mine eyes unvail'd adore thy reign
Benignant to the ſons of men!
May but my carol not profane
The marvels that amaze my ken.

By pride when rebel-angels fell,
The vacant heavenly thrones to fill!
Thy Goodneſs daign'd (let Rapture tell!)
Ours 'mid the wanting worlds to will.

Thine eldeſt word from Nature's womb
Earth's dormant embryon underſtood:
Be light, and Light from out the gloom
Diſplay'd her elements were good.

I ſee the vaſt Expanſe extend,
Where finer fluids lightly ride;
See human hopes, unhop'd, depend,
Exalted from the vulgar tide.

The floods diſparting own thy pow'r,
Young Earth erects her brow ſerene:
Adorn'd with herb and fruit and flow'r,
She glads my eyes with ev'ry green.

Of light and heat hail center'd Sire,
Who ſeem'ſt to circle circling ſpheres;
Hail, ſilver Queen, and ev'ry Fire,
That reckon days and months and years.

All

All fair-attemper'd to produce
  Each ſpecies of each living kind,
Behold of every rank and uſe,
  That wanton in the wave or wind!

And now I climb the arduous ſcale
  Of riſing inſtinct round the ball;
From atoms where my optics fail,
  To Man, by reaſon, lord of all:

Reaſon, that bleſt precarious boon,
  Which man juſt not to angel rais'd;
But which abus'd muſt ſink him ſoon,
  Far more below the brute debas'd.

Yet nought the beauty, nought the bliſs,
  Thy love has o'er creation pour'd;
Nought is Creation's ſelf to this,
  That to thy very Self has tow'rd:

What are the viſual vails withdrawn,
  Or what the ſcenes of night and day,
To HIM who chas'd this bleſſed dawn
  To beam our mental miſt away?

That wond'rous Child from Virgin ſprung,
  Who fill'd the aged ears with awe
That maſterly untutor'd tongue
  Which maz'd the learned in the law!

A ſecond birth! how ſtrange a ſtrain!
  A ſecond love who dare pretend?
Can ſons of pleaſure covet pain?
  Can Spirit e'er with Fleſh contend?

How

How high the lowly, rich the poor!
What rapture 'tis to kiss the rod!
To Sense, 'tis contradiction sure;
To Reason, 'tis the word of God.

One particle assembles all
The bliss below and bliss above;
That charming particle we call,
Unbounded, yet adapted—Love.

Hail, new Creation! theme sublime
For who conceive but what they see,
Who place Eternity in Time,
And bound in Space Immensity!

All Nature hears the Voice divine:
Be still, and still the tempests ly;
The loaves enlarge, the water's wine;
Disease and Death and Demons fly!

Hail Love, that Deity brought down,
The only friend of creature-foes;
Who stoopt to man, faln man to crown,
For man he liv'd, he di'd, he rose!

Hail, mighty Advocate of ours,
Who sent'st such solace to our pain,
To shed thy graces and thy pow'rs,
To hallow and mature thy reign!

With Angels then of each degree,
Let each degree of Humans raise
Glad voice to hymn the Majesty,
Whose glories Heaven and Earth emblaze!

Then to the SIRE and SON and DOVE,
One Holy, Holy, Holy three,
The ſpring of light and life and love,
All kingdom, pow'r and glory be!

V. *On the* RECOVERY *of a young* GENTLEMAN.

TO Thee, O God, aſpires our praiſe,
Reſtorer of our joy;
Who from the deep of Death didſt raiſe
Our blooming hope, our Boy!

Such as a ſhooting flow'r he bow'd,
That ſickens on the plain;
When Health thy handmaid call'd aloud:
Behold my face again.

Yet to thy will, whate'er it be,
Still let us be reſign'd;
Nor e'er the leſs depend on Thee,
The more that Thou art kind.

Let nothing drive from mind away
The moment of our tears;
But let us, if Thou lend, repay
The gratitude of years.

The youthful Theme his thanks with ours
Is ardent to combine;
Reſolv'd that his recruited pow'rs
Shall only, Lord, be thine.

VI. *On*

VI. *On being waked in the night by a violent ſtorm of thunder and light'ning.*

LOCKT in the arms of balmy ſleep,
From ev'ry care of day,
As ſilent as the folded ſheep,
And as ſecure I lay.

Sudden, tremendous thunders roll;
Quick light'nings round me glare;
The ſolemn ſcene alarms the ſoul,
And wakes the heart to pray'r.

Whate'er, O Lord, at this ſtill hour,
Theſe awful ſounds portend,
Whether ſole enſigns of thy pow'r,
Or groans for nature's end;

Grant me to bear with equal mind,
Theſe terrors of the ſky;
For ever, as thou wilt, reſign'd,
Alike to live or dy.

If, wak'd by thy vindictive hand,
This mighty tempeſt *ſtirs*;
That peal, the voice of thy command,
Theſe flames thy *meſſengers*:

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall,
Beneath the paſſing ſun;
Thy righteous will determines all,
And let that will be done.

But if, as nature's laws ordain,
Nor destin'd by thy will,
Each bolt exerts its wide domain,
Self-authoris'd to kill;

Quick interpose, all-gracious *Lord*,
In this remorseless night;
Arise, and be alike *ador'd*
For mercy, as for might.

Vouchsafe amidst this time of dread,
Thy suppliant's voice to hear:
O shield from harm each friendly head,
And all my soul holds dear!

Let it not kill, where riot foul
Pours forth the drunken jest;
Nor, where the guilt-envenom'd soul
Starts wild from troubled rest.

A while O spare those sinful breasts,
Whose deeds the night deform;
Nor strike where smiling Virtue rests,
Unconscious of the storm.

Succor the couch where Beauty lies,
All pale with tender fear;
Where Sickness lifts her languid eyes,
O pour thy comforts here!

Nor useless waste this moral night,
Like common hours, away;
But glow with wisdom's sacred light,
More fair than orient day.

Warm'd by each flash, may virtue rise,
And with its glories spread;
While ev'ry blasted bud of vice
Shrinks in new terrors dead.

So on that awful dooming day,
Whose image shakes the soul,
Though keenest light'nings shoot their ray,
And loudest thunders roll;

Well-pleas'd, O Lord, each eye shall see
Those final thunders hurl'd;
And mark with joy, for love of Thee,
That flash which melts the world!

VII. *On a* STORM *at sea.*

WITH flowing pomp, and beauteous pride,
The floating pile in harbor rode;
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And kist it as she flow'd.

The seas with eastern breezes curl'd,
And silver'd half the liquid plain;
Her anchors weigh'd, her sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretcht along the main.

Thus, while we trace a prosp'rous scene,
Dissembled friendship waits on pow'r;

But early quits the fraudful mien,
When fortune is no more ſerene;
And waits but to devour.

The native wonders of the deep,
Preſs to admire the vaſt machine;
In ſportive gambols round it leap,
Or elſe at awful diſtance keep,
In homage to their Queen.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
Danger can multiply her form;
Expos'd we fly like *Jonah* ſtill;
And Heaven, whene'er it is Heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a ſtorm.

The diſtant ſurge all foaming white,
Foretels the furious blaſt:
Dreadful, though diſtant, is the ſight:
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
And menace ev'ry maſt.

Winds, whiſtling through the ſhrouds, proclaim
A fatal harveſt on the deck;
Quick in purſuit, as active flame,
Too ſoon the rolling ruin came,
And ratifi'd the wreck.

Thus *Adam* ſhone with new-born grace,
Inform'd by an almighty breath:
Thus the ſame breath ſweeps off his race,
Diſorders Nature's beauteous face,
And teems with inſtant death.

Stript

Stript of her pride, the veſſel rolls;
And, as by ſympathy ſhe knew,
The ſecret anguiſh of our ſouls,
With inward deeper groans, condoles
The danger of her crew.

The faithleſs flood forſook her keel,
And downward lancht the lab'ring hull;
Stunn'd, ſhe forgot a while to reel,
And felt, or almoſt ſeem'd to feel,
A momentary lull.

Now what avail'd it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung,
Suſpended on a broken wave?
Beneath us yawn'd a ſea-green grave,
Which ſilenc'd ev'ry tongue.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light nor comfort found us there,
Loſt in the gulph, and floods of prey;
No ſun to chear us, nor a ray
Of hope, but in deſpair.

The ſeas encourage this deſpair,
While certain ruin waits on land;
Should we direct our wiſhes there,
Soon we recall the fatal pray'r,
And wiſh to ſhun the ſtrand.

At length a *Being* whoſe beheſt
Reduc'd a chaos into form,
His goodneſs and his pow'r confeſt;
He ſpoke, and, like a God, ſuppreſt
Our troubles and the ſtorm!

VIII. *By a* GENTLEMAN *on the conclusion of his travels.*

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſt unhurt,
And breath'd untainted air.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry ſoil,
Made ev'ry region pleaſe;
The hoary alpine hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the tyrrhene ſeas.

Think, O my ſoul! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

IX. *On the mercies of* GOD.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O! how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravisht heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

My various weak complaints and cries
Became thy mercy's care,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender love beſtow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death, in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe!

X. *On the ſame.*

THY mercy, Father of mankind,
My grateful ſoul inſpires;
She burns to ſhow her ardent love,
And praiſe what ſhe admires.

But how unequal, and how low
My faint attempts muſt be!
I ſink beneath the glorious theme;
I loſe myſelf in Thee.

Thy forming hand, with boundleſs pow'r
The world in order laid,
And ſtill thy providence divine
Preſerves what thou haſt made.

How could I, helpleſs, guard my life,
Or how my paths direct,
Without thy providence to guide,
And goodneſs to protect?

When dangers preſs around my ſoul,
And cruel fears alarm;
When ſorrows wound my lab'ring breaſt,
Or ſpecious pleaſures charm,

Thy mercy leads me by the hand,
In ev'ry danger near;
Though ſorrows wound, or pleaſures charm,
Thou ſtill, my God, art here.

Keep me then always, Lord of life,
Beneath thy watchful eye;
Teach me to live, to live to Thee,
And oh! to Thee to dy.

XI. *The firſt* HYMN *of* CALLIMACHUS *to* JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf?
The God for ever great, for ever king!
Who ſlew the earth-born race, and meaſures right

To

To heaven's great habitants! DICTEAN hear'ſt thou
More joyful or LYCEAN, long diſpute
And various thought has trac'd. On IDA's mount
Or DICTE, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The *Cretan* boaſts thy natal place; but oft
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never knew'ſt
To dy, but liv'ſt the ſame to day and ever.
ARCADIAN therefore be thy birth: great RHEA,
Pregnant to high PARRHASIA's cliffs retir'd,
And wild LYCEUS, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! ſithence, no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine! There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The pond'rous birth: ſhe ſought a neighb'ring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe: in vain: ARCADIA,
However ſtreamy, now aduſt and dry,
Deni'd the goddeſs water; where deep MELAS,
And rocky CRATHIS flow, the chariot ſmok'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thirſty trav'ler
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns; foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows; high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now LAON,
And ERYMANTH incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great RHEA ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs. She ſaid, and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,

And chear'd the valleys. There the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent NEDA, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: NEDA, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next PHILYRE,
And STYX, the eldest. Smiling she receiv'd thee,
And conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust,
Not unrewarded: since the river bore
The fav'rite virgin's name: fair NEDA rolls
By LEPRION's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
Fast by her flow'ry bank the sons of ARCAS,
Fav'rites of heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, God, to CNOSSUS NEDA brought: the nymphs
And CORYBANTES thee their sacred charge
Receiv'd: ADRASTE rockt thy golden cradle:
The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
Kind AMALTHEA, reacht her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the fed'lous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce CURETES (order solemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and chang'd their sounding arms;
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant-cries, and mock the ear of SATURN.
Swift growth and wond'rous grace, O heavenly JOVE,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit
And perfect judgement crown'd thy youthful act.
That SATURN's sons receiv'd the threefold empire
Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,

Old

Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy ſhare,
In equal balance, laid 'gainſt ſea or hell
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but pow'r, above thy brethren
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth; impetuous ſtrength,
And firy ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant; high the Eagle flies before thee,
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy fav'rite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.
Thou to inferior gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of pow'r; thy own, great JOVE,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labor
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleaming armor,
Acknowlege VULCAN's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes DIANA's hand; who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs, who ſpreads his net ſucceſful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier from ſucceſful camps returning,
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to MARS. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the THRACIAN harp, invokes APOLLO,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, meantime, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the pow'r of kings, and kings of JOVE!
And as their actions tend ſubordinate.

To what thy will designs, thou giv'ſt the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou ſeeſt impartial
How they theſe means employ. Each monarch rules
His diff'rent realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world! Theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd: to thoſe are given
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months, revolving years to ſome:
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted,
With fruitleſs acts, and impotence of counſel.
Hail! greateſt ſon of SATURN, wiſe diſpoſer
Of ev'ry good: thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our pray'r,
Great Father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts leſs pow'r,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift.

XII. *The Hymn of* CLEANTHES *to* JUPITER.

O Thou whom various ſacred names record,
Divinity ſupreme! all-potent Lord!
Author of Nature! whoſe unbounded ſway
And legiſlative pow'r all things obey.
Majeſtic JOVE, all hail! To thee belong
The ſuppliant's prayer, and tributary ſong;

To

To thee from all thy mortal offspring due!
From thee we came, from thee our being drew.
Whatever lives and moves, great sire, is thine,
Embodi'd portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my strings,
And of thy wond'rous pow'r for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wand'ring foes above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous, where thou point'st the way.
Such is the aw impress on Nature round,
When through the void thy dreadful thunders sound.
Those flaming agents that attend thy lore,
Astonish't worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that Reason, which, through all convey'd,
Informs this gen'ral mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, and still unexplor'd!
On earth, nor in the floods that round her roll,
Nor in yon seat of gods, th' ethereal pole,
Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine!
Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by passion toss't,
And in the shoreless sea of folly lost:
But thou, what Vice disorders, canst compose,
And profit by the malice of thy foes!
So blending good with evil, thy controul
Knows thence to model one harmonious whole;
One universal law of truth and right.
But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
Hear not, or heed not Reason's sacred voice,

That

That common guide ordain'd to point the way
To ſolid good, where willing men obey.
Thence quitting Virtue's lovely paths they move,
As various objects various paſſions prove.
Some through oppoſing crouds, and threat'ning war,
Seek Pow'rs bright throne, and Fame's triumphal car;
Some bent on Wealth, purſue, with endleſs pain,
Oppreſſive, ſordid, and diſhoneſt gain;
While others to ſoft Indolence reſign'd,
Drown in corporeal ſweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great Father, thunder-ruling God,
Who in thick darkneſs giv'ſt the awful nod!
Thou, from whoſe bounty all good gifts deſcend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of Vice and Folly, O controul,
And ſhed the beams of Wiſdom on the ſoul!
Thoſe radiant beams, by whoſe all-piercing flame
Thy juſtice rules this univerſal frame:
That, honor'd with a portion of thy light,
We may eſſay thy goodneſs to requite
With honorary ſongs, and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaſeleſs praiſe;
The proper taſk of man. And, ſure, to ſing
Of Nature's laws, and Nature's mighty king,
Is bliſs ſupreme. Let gods with men combine!
The ſubject may tranſport a breaſt divine.

XIII. *A Hymn to* DIANA, *in the ancient Manner.*

HAIL, majesty of pureſt joy!
Thee let me ceaſeleſs ſing;
And while thy deeds my ſong employ,
Let flood and foreſt ring.

Among the prime I'll meet the dawn,
Thy footſteps to purſue:
With Thee I'll bound along the lawn,
Yet ſilver'd with the dew.

With Thee I'll ſeek the ſmiling hill,
Nay proudeſt mountains ſcale;
Then darting down, I'll quaff the rill,
The nectar of the vale.

Bleſt Temp'rance thus and Liberty,
Dread guardians of thy train,
Shall ſhield, from Man or Monſter, me
Unknown to Guilt or Pain.

XIV. *To the* SUN, *appearing at* London, *after a fortnight's abſence.*

HAIL, glorious Lamp! where haſt thou been,
This dreary night of nights fourteen?
Haſt thou ſome worthier worlds explor'd,
Where thou art *only not ador'd?*

Was't

Was't that thou would'ſt no longer view
A Godleſs, Chriſtleſs, Chriſtmas-crew?
Gorg'd, for the *Bread of Life* with chine,
And wanton with *unhallow'd wine!*
Or was't that there could be no day,
The *Sun of Righteouſneſs* away?
Who freely beam'd erewhile on all,
But fled a *ſelf-enlighten'd* ball.
Hail, radiant type of his return!
We own, we own, by whom we burn.
Benign, once more diſpel our dark,
Re-kindle *Reaſon's* heavenly ſpark.
Be thou, O Sun, thyſelf the *Star*,
That harbingers HIM from afar;
HIM of his SIRE the image bright:
Return with HIM, and all is LIGHT!

XV. *To the* CREATOR.

BEAUTY complete, and majeſty divine,
In all thy works, ador'd Creator! ſhine.
Where'er I caſt my wand'ring eyes around,
The God I ſeek in ev'ry part is found.
Purſuing Thee, the flow'ry fields I paſs,
And read thy name on ev'ry ſpire of graſs.
I follow Thee through many a lonely ſhade,
And find Thee in the ſolitary glade.
I hail Thee in the kind, refreſhing gale,
That ſweetly whiſtles through the dewy vale.

The

The pink, the jaſmine, and the purple roſe,
Perfum'd by Thee, their fragrant leaves diſcloſe.
The feather'd choir, that welcomes in the ſpring,
By Thee were taught their various notes to ſing.
By Thee the Morning in her crimſon veſt,
And ornaments of golden clouds is dreſt.
The ſun, in all his ſplendor, wears thy beams,
And drinks in light from thine exhauſtleſs ſtreams.
The moon reveals Thee by her glimm'ring ray:
Unnumber'd ſtars, thy glorious paths diſplay.
Amid the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
The thoughts of God my muſing ſoul delight.
Thick ſhades and night thy dread pavilion form;
In ſtate thou rid'ſt upon the flying ſtorm;
While thy ſtrong hand its fierceſt rage reſtrains,
And holds the wild unmanag'd winds in reins.
What ſparklings then thy majeſty declare,
When through the vaſt expanſe thy light'nings glare!
When peals of thunder rend the ſkies around,
I hear thy voice in the tremendous ſound.
But oh! how ſmall a part is known of Thee,
From all thy works' immenſe variety!
Whatever mortal men perfection name,
Thou, in an infinite degree, doſt claim.
And while I here thy fainteſt ſhadows trace,
I pine to ſee the glories of thy face;
Where Beauty in her never-changing height,
And uncreated Excellence unite.
When ſhall the heav'nly ſcene, without controul,
Open in dazzling triumph on my ſoul?
My pow'rs with all their ardor ſhall adore,
And languiſh for terreſtrial charms no more.

XVI. To

XVI. *To the same.*

O LORD, when I the heavens survey,
And all the splendid frame,
I feel my ardent breast consum'd
With a devouring flame.

By thy command, the radiant sun,
In glory drowns the day;
And stars, when shade invests the world,
Their gentler light display.

The spring, in sweet vicissitude,
Adorns the flow'ry fields;
And autumn gay with golden fruit,
A pleasant prospect yields.

If then, thy lib'ral hand has pour'd
On nature so much grace;
O! with what joy the saints behold
Th' effulgence of thy face!

While by reflexion I thy charms
In nature here descry,
Longing to enter thy blest courts,
I languish, faint, and dy.

My soul would, disengag'd from earth,
Be ravisht with thy sight;
But in this sordid clay confin'd,
The body stops her flight.

When wilt thou to thy servant, Lord!
Unvail thy beauty's blaze;
And all my faculties be lost
In extasy and praise?

XVII. *On*

XVII. *On the* first *of* JANUARY.

COME, O my soul! excursive rise,
On Contemplation's heavenly wing,
Superior to the distant skies,
Where seraphs praise, and angels sing.

Though to this narrow globe confin'd,
The limits prove an ample field,
When tow'ring thoughts transport the mind,
Where the great Maker is reveal'd.

Then, O my soul! thy tribute pay
To God, at whose indulgent call
This first, returning, annual day
Restores another year to all.

Parent of seasons, let me raise
Th' extatic raptures in my breast!
Thine be the glory, and the praise
By everlasting songs expreſt!

For me, if I forget thy *love*,
If I forget my annual song,
May after-years eccentric *move*,
Confounded as they pass along.

Almighty God! when awful death
Commands, where seasons are no more;
I'll praise thee with my latest breath,
And then incessantly adore.

XVIII. *A* MORNING-HYMN.

AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and joyful riſe,
To pay thy morning-ſacrifice.

Thy precious time, miſpent, redeem;
Each preſent day, thy laſt eſteem:
Improve thy talent with due care:
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

In converſation be ſincere:
Keep conſcience, as the noontide, clear:
Think how all-ſeeing God thy ways
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others ſhine:
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and chearful praiſe.

Wake and lift up thyſelf, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long, unwearied ſing,
All glory to th' eternal King!

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly *choir!*
May your devotion me *inſpire!*
That I, like you, my age may ſpend,
Like you, may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight;
Perform like you my Maker's will;
O! may I never more do ill.

Had

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly:
But God ſhall that defect ſupply;
And my ſoul, wing'd with warm deſire,
Shall all day long to heaven aſpire.

All praiſe to Thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſht me while I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

I would not wake, nor riſe again,
Even heav'n itſelf I would diſdain,
Wert thou not there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art;
O never then from me depart;
For to my ſoul 'tis hell to be,
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Diſperſe my ſins, as morning-dew;
Guard my firſt ſprings of thought and will,
And with thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
Whate'er I think, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

Praiſe God, *from whom all bleſſings flow,*
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, y' angelic hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

XIX. *An*

XIX. *An* EVENING-HYMN.

ALL praiſe to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light:
Keep me, O! keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf and Thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To dy, that this vile body may
Riſe glorious at the awful day.

O! may my ſoul on Thee repoſe,
And may ſweet ſleep mine eyelids cloſe;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To ſerve my God, when I awake.

When in the night, I ſleepleſs ly,
My ſoul with heavenly thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

Dull ſleep! of ſenſe me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive!
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd
To ly ſo long of thee bereav'd.

But though ſleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;

And

And now-and-then let loose my heart,
Till it an halleluiah dart,
The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds:
O! may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

O! when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal *choir*
Incessant sing, and never *tire*?

May my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Fast by my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
And stop all avenues of ill!

May he celestial joys rehearse,
Thought to thought, with my soul converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye angelic host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

XX. *A* MIDNIGHT-HYMN.

MY God, now I from sleep awake;
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight-terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bleſt Angels, while we ſtand by,
Ye halleluiahs ſing on high;
Ye joyous hymn the Ever-bleſt,
Before the throne, and never reſt!

I with your heavenly choir combine
In ſending up a hymn divine:
With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewel.

My ſoul, when I ſhake off this duſt,
Lord, let me in thine arms entruſt:
O give me to partake thy care;
Some manſion for my ſoul prepare.

Grant me a place at thy ſaints' feet,
Or ſome faln angel's vacant ſeat:
I'll ſtrive to ſing as loud as they
Who ſit above in brighter day.

O! may I always ready ſtand,
With my lamp burning in my hand!
May I in ſight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

All praiſe to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place haſt made:
A boundleſs ocean of bright beams
Around thy glorious Godhead ſtreams.

The ſun in his meridian height,
Is very darkneſs in thy ſight;
My ſoul O! lighten, and enflame
With thought and love of thy great name.

Bleſt Jesu! Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights haſt in devotion ſpent;

But I, frail creature! ſoon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is ſoon expir'd.

My ſoul, how canſt thou weary grow,
Of antedating bliſs below,
In ſacred hymns, and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord! new life impart;
Freſh ardors kindle in my heart:
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light
Diſpels the ſloath and clouds of night.

Lord, leſt the tempter me ſurprize,
Watch over thine own ſacrifice!
All looſe, all idle thoughts caſt out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow!
Praiſe him, all creatures here below!
Praiſe him above, y' angelic hoſt!
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

XXI. *An* EVENING-HYMN.

INDULGENT God, whoſe bounteous care
O'er all thy works is ſhown!
O! grateful let my praiſe and pray'r
Aſcend before thy throne!

What mercies has this day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt thou bleſt!

My cup with plenty overflow'd,
And with content my breaſt.
Safe, 'midſt a thouſand latent ſnares,
Thy careful hand has led;
And now, exempt from anxious cares,
I preſs the downy bed.
I fall this night into thy arms,
Which I have prov'd ſo kind;
Oh! keep my body from all harms,
And from all ſin my mind!
Let balmy ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
From pain and ſickneſs free;
And let my waking fancy riſe
To meditate on Thee.
So bleſs each future day and night,
Till life's fond ſcene is o'er;
And then to realms of endleſs light
O! aid my ſoul to ſoar!

XXII. *A* MORNING-HYMN.

SOFT on the downy bed I fell,
Sweet Sleep! and wiſht for you:
There ſafe my Maker made me dwell,
And ſafe I leave it too.
Nor wiſht I long ſweet ſleep in vain;
In ſleep theſe eye-lids cloſe:
Nor mental nor corporeal pain
Prevented my repoſe.

Go, Darkneſs, with thy rayleſs crown,
Go rule the weſtern ſkies:
The pow'r that bids the ſun go down,
On *Britain* bids him riſe.

Let me devote the morning-ray
To thought or deed divine;
And may my virtue, like the day,
To full perfection ſhine!

To this day nothing let me ow,
Still paying ere 'tis paſt:
Then let the length'ning ſhadows grow,
And Evening bluſh her laſt.

Then (ſince myſelf I cannot keep
Ev'n one ſhort moment through)
Watch me thoſe eyes that never ſleep,
Till morning beam anew!

Lord, watch me to the gates of death,
And through thoſe gates defend!
Thou gav'ſt, and, when thou tak'ſt, my breath,
My God! be thou my Friend!

XXIII. *Another.*

ON Thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wiſhes end.

My ſoul in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy boundleſs love ſurveys,

And fir'd with grateful zeal prepares
Her ſacrifice of praiſe.

Thou lead'ſt me through the maze of ſleep,
And bring'ſt me ſafe to light;
And with the ſame paternal care
Conduct'ſt my ſteps till night.

When ev'ning-ſlumbers preſs my eyes,
With thy protection bleſt,
In peace and ſafety I commit
My weary limbs to reſt.

My ſpirit, in thy hands ſecure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or aſleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me ſtill.

What fit return canſt thou, my ſoul,
Make to Almighty pow'r
For ſo much goodneſs, ſo much love!
Such mercies, ev'ry hour?

I'll daily to th' aſtoniſht world
His wond'rous acts proclaim:
Acts! that will move each grateful heart
With me to bleſs his name.

At morn, and noon, and night will I
The growing work purſue;
And *him* alone will praiſe, to whom
Our praiſe alone is *due*.

XXIV. *A* MORNING-HYMN *to the* DEITY.

WHILE from the east, the radiant sun,
His rapid course begins to run,
And to the earth convey
Congenial rays of heat and light,
That dissipate the shades of night,
And form auspicious day;

Exulting from my bed I rise,
Where balmy slumbers clos'd mine eyes,
And eas'd my pensive breast;
Though Fancy still, capricious maid!
Through scenes of joy or terror stray'd,
By Reason now suppress.

To thee I lift my grateful heart,
Whose sov'reign care and wond'rous art,
Omniscient God and King!
Extend o'er Nature's vast domain,
And show thy just benignant reign
From whom all blessings spring.

Whilst o'er the rural scene I range,
And mark the seasons as they change,
From Spring to Winter drear;
When Summer's fruit or Autumn's grain
Adorn the beauteous, fertile, plain,
And variegate the year;

View flocks and herds, in ev'ry vale,
Select their food, their sense regale,
With verdant herbs and flow'rs,

Which deck the ſurface of the land,
And to the ſolar beams expand
Their vegetative pow'rs.

Lo! thence the lark with fleeting wings,
Aſcending, through the ether, ſings
Her modulating lays:
Symphonious with the woodland choir
Performing early due devoir,
In vocal peals of praiſe.

To which compar'd how vain th' eſſay,
Of mimic art, that charms the gay,
Their province to invade;
When at the op'ra or the ball,
Their ſtrains in concert riſe and fall,
Or ſwell the ſerenade!

By inſtinct taught, theſe far excel,
And in melodious accents tell,
Thy goodneſs to mine ear;
Skill'd ev'ry paſſion to controul,
To ſooth and harmonize the ſoul,
Or elevate and chear.

While round diſperſt the grazing herd
Their voices raiſe, as if preferr'd
In homage to the ſkies!
In due return for all thy care,
Which thus provides their daily ſhare
Of bleſſings and ſupplies.

Upbraiding all the human race
Who their ſuperior pow'rs debaſe,
By ſloath or luxury;

An

And ne'er the ſacred tranſports know,
Which in the ſoul redundant flow,
From grateful *Piety*.

That zeſt of bliſs! enjoy'd by few,
But thoſe who wiſdom's path purſue,
With philoſophic aim;
Which no deluſive hope inſpires,
Reſtrains the paſſions and deſires,
And fans devotion's flame.

Long as I tread the mortal ſtage,
I'll ſtudious ſearch her hallow'd page,
The knowlege deep to find
Of thoſe primordial, happy laws,
Ordain'd by Thee, the ſov'reign cauſe,
Connexion bleſt to bind.

Content while thus by thee endu'd,
With prudence, health, and fortitude,
And reaſon to reſtrain
Thoſe ſanguine paſſions which produce
Of all thy bleſſings the abuſe,
And conſequential pain.

Still as her love my mind directs,
From error ſhields, from vice protects;
Exiſtence I'll *improve*
By acts of moral excellence,
Deduc'd from thy benevolence,
And univerſal *love*.

Inform'd each day with notions juſt,
Thy guardian providence I'll truſt;
Since its indulgent plan

Has made each part with ſkill divine
Subſervient to the main deſign,
The happineſs of man!
With joy and rapture contemplate
The ties and duties of each ſtate,
Whence juſtice, truth, and right,
Support the ſocial intercourſe,
And raiſe the ſoul to Thee the ſource
Of pleaſure and delight!

XXV. *A* CHRISTMAS-*Ode.*

Firſt Shepherd.

AT this unwonted hour behold
What ſtrikes my wond'ring ſoul with fear!
How all yon eaſt is ſtreakt with gold!
As if the op'ning morn were near.

Second Shepherd.

I markt it!—now the ſtreams unite!
One pillar now, of moving light!
My ſoul too ſhakes—it ſinks!—it dies!
See! through the air, the viſion flies!

Third Shepherd.

Heav'n ſhield us! lo! 'tis juſt at hand!
Some ſtrange event impends!
O'er head direct it ſeems to ſtand!
And now the blaze deſcends!

GABRIEL.

GABRIEL.

Ye ſhepherds, all your fears reſign!
I come, not arm'd with wrath divine;
But fraught with heav'nly love!
The news, the welcome news I bring,
Sound high from every ſacred ſtring
Through all yon realms above.

I come! (and 'tis a bleſt employ)
I come the meſſenger of joy!
Go, publiſh what I ſing.
Earth is no more a ſcene forlorn!
This night the promis'd CHRIST is born!
Your *Savior*, and your *King!*

At *Bethl'em*, in a manger lies
The ſwaddled babe! let raptures riſe
Round this terreſtrial ball!
The raptures catch from heart to heart!
Till all ſhall feel, let all impart!
For CHRIST was born for *all*.

Chorus of ANGELS.

Glory to GOD, in ſtrains till now unknown,
From ev'ry glowing ſeraph round his throne!
Peace to this globe! all worlds admire the plan
Of Heav'ns *free*, *vaſt*, *benevolence* to man!

XXVI. *The* NATIVITY *of* MESSIAH: *a sacred eclogue.*

NOW vail'd in night the vari'd landſcape lay;
No diſtant ſpire reflects a borrow'd ray;
Not yet the village-cock preludes the dawn,
Nor tinkling-bell reſounded o'er the lawn.
Two ſhepherd-ſwains of *Iſrael*'s choſen ſeed,
To watch their fleecy charge, by turns agreed.
While *Joſeph* ſlept, thus *Simon* rous'd the boy,
With ſudden wonder toucht, and fear, and joy.
Up *Joſeph*! ſee full eaſt what ſhooting blaze
Streaks night's dim curtain with untimely rays!
Why haſt thou wak'd me?—[*Joſeph awaking*]—Ah!
the viſion's fled,
Delightful viſion! and my hopes are dead.
Sim. Ah! wak'd too late! the tranſient glory flies,
And night again involves the cloſing ſkies.——
But what the viſion that thy ſlumber bleſt,
And rais'd to rapture what was meant but reſt?
Joſ. Methought, as liſt'ning to the night-bird's lay,
We watch'd our flocks, and hop'd th' approaching day,
My milk-white ew a lovely firſtling bore—
Ah! pleaſing viſion, to return no more!
A circling glory ſhone around his head,
And far and wide the glitt'ring radiance ſpread:
The ſtars of heav'n deſcending round him glow'd,
One o'er his head aloft more ſplendid ſhow'd,
Plac'd as a mark to tell ſurrounding lands,
Where the celeſtial lamb diſtinguiſh'd ſtands;

And nations now from far around him croud;
Kings kiſt the ground, and humble homage vow'd:
Old Ocean's tribute ruſhing waters bring,
Earth ſpreads her ſtores, and Heaven proclaims him king:
When lo!——

Sim. ——See, *Joſeph!* ſee——thy tale ſuſpend,
And mark aſtoniſht of thy dream the end.
See! the bright ſtar now ſparkles in the ſky,
Unſeen before, though brighteſt to the eye.

Joſ. Surpriſing omen! what can this portend?
Will God again our chaſten'd tribes befriend?
Is this that hour by ſacred bards of old,
Mark'd for MESSIAH's birth ſo long foretold?

Sim. God only knows:——for who can trace his ways,
Too deep for thought, and too ſublime for praiſe?
Meanwhile obſerve, the wand'ring radiance ſeems
Direct on *Bethl'em*'s tow'rs to dart her beams——
With patience wait whatever may ſucceed:
Renew thy tale: thy tale new hints may breed.

Joſ. When lo! as oft amid ſurrounding gloom,
We, pale and trembling for the ſtormy doom,
Have ſeen ſwift gleams of light'ning play in air,
The horror double, and illume deſpair;
So ſudden, but a far more radiant light
Flaſht from the ſky, and chas'd the ſhades of night:
To glory glory, light to light gave way,
Till heaven deſcended in a blaze of day.
Now through th' expanſe ten thouſand angels fly,
Hoſts ſhout, *Hoſannah!* there; here hoſts reply:
Rejoice, O earth! rejoice, ye realms of heaven!
To you a King is born, a Savior given:

Spread the glad tidings round, exalt his fame,
And bend each knee in honor to his name.
Satanic pow'r in him an end ſhall find,
In him, who dying ſhall redeem mankind.
Then in full chorus *Halleluiah* ſound;
Sweet *Halleluiah* echo all around.
My raviſht ſoul could ſcarce her bliſs contain;
The bliſs, alas! I wiſh renew'd in vain.
But human joys in air are quickly toſt:
One moment ſees them both poſſeſt and loſt.
For while ſubmiſſive at his feet I bow'd,
With ſilent awe, and worſhipt with the croud;
Struggling 'twixt bliſs and life's returning pain,
Preſt by thy zeal, I wak'd to care again.—
But ſee! the meſſengers of heaven deſcend:
In bleſt realities my dream ſhall end.
Again JEHOVAH turns to *Jacob*'s race,
And earth's remoteſt ends ſhall taſte his grace.

XXVII. MESSIAH: *a ſacred eclogue from* ISAIAH; *in imitation of Virgil's* POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of SOLYMA! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſilvan ſhades,
The dreams of *Pindus*, and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire,
Who toucht *Iſaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A VIRGIN ſhall conceive, a VIRGIN bear a ſon!

From

From *Jeſſe*'s root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail,
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light! AUSPICIOUS BABE, be born!
See, Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance;
See ſpicy clouds from lowly *Sharon* riſe,
And *Carmel*'s flow'ry top perfume the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears;
Prepare the way! a God, a God! appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and, ye valleys, riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The SAVIOR comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day.

'Tis

'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſtures and the pureſt air;
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Mankind ſhall thus his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe: the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun.
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield;
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurpriſe,
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amid the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear:
On riſted rocks, the dragon's late *abodes*,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh *nods*.

Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplext with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſom weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting ſhall play.

Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial *Salem*, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes;
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heapt with products of *Sabean* ſprings!
For thee *Idume*'s ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in *Ophir*'s mountains glow:
See heaven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor evening-*Cynthia* fill her ſilver-horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and GOD's eternal day be thine! The

The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fixt his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

XXVIII. *An* ODE *on the* CRUCIFIXION.

ENough of raptur'd Fancy's trivial lays!
The lyre to ſolemn ſounds devotion ſtrings;
To ſolemn ſounds, and mingling tears with praiſe,
The King, the God, the Crucifi'd ſhe ſings.

To thee ſublime, unbounded and unknown,
Whoſe name preſumptuous reaſon ſcans in vain;
To thee, while angels kneel around the throne,
Where firſt ſhall man begin the daring ſtrain?

Nor man nor angel can my theme diſcloſe,
My theme! the depths of mercy yet untri'd,
A Son the ranſom of a Father's foes,
Perfection pain'd, a Deity that di'd!

My lofty ſong, the triumph of the ſlain,
Myſterious ſacred triumph ſhall reſound:
The pow'rs of darkneſs drag the victor's chain;
Death feels the fatal ſelf-inflicted wound.

But hark! what diſtant ſounds of rattling bones,
What mingled tumult ruſhes on my ears?
Now ſhouts of inſult mix with dying groans;
Now thunder rolls, and *Golgotha* appears.

High

High on the cloudy top the fated three,
Stretcht on the croſs, and agoniz'd I view;
Chill horrors creep upon me—what is He,
The third, the midſt, ſo diff'rent from the two?

His languid head reclines upon his breaſt,
And his ſtrain'd arms unpitying nails transfix:
Shall man, the wretch, by all his anguiſh bleſt!
Shall man behold, nor tears with triumph mix?

O! let thy heart diſſolve with pious woe,
Thy garments rend, thy ſwelling boſom ſmite;
Let conſcious guilt repentant ſighs beſtow,
And dying love the grateful pang excite.

Behold his form with purple cover'd o'er,
Not the rich tribute of the *tyrian* wave,
Diſplay'd in royal robes; but dropping gore,
From cruel wounds which thorns and ſcourges gave.

Unlock the ſprings by ſacred ſorrow fed,
And copious pour the ſalutary flood:
For him can mortals tears refuſe to ſhed,
Who ſhed for guilty mortals ſtreams of blood?

XXIX. *A* RESURRECTION-HYMN: *ſung by the Children of* CHRIST'S *Hoſpital in Eaſter-week* 1761.

NOW boldly ſtrike the joyful lyre:
Begin! whilſt heavenly ſcenes inſpire
With tuneful gratitude the ſoul,
And bid the tides of rapture roll.

Swell

Swell into harmony, ye silent strings!
To hail the rising God, the mighty King of kings.

Sudden! behold, a globe of light,
Discloses to the wond'ring sight,
And gives an angel-form to view,
Floating in robes of glitt'ring hue.
Round him a thousand blended rays he flings,
Which vary on his vest, and wave along his wings.

He heard the great Creator's call,
And shouted o'er this new-made ball;
Saw first, of all his sons above,
The blessings of redeeming love;
What time the SAVIOR, from the gloomy cell,
Burst into endless day, and conquer'd death and hell.

The tyrant-fiend, and rebel-*host*
Lament their reign for ever *lost*,
In adamantine fetters bound,
They bellow through the dark profound,
Or feel the vengance of the victor's rod,
The firy indignation of offended God.

But *Judah*'s Lion spurns his toils,
Adorn'd with everlasting spoils;
Shakes off mortality, and springs,
Like morning on her eastern wings,
Beneath his feet the king of terrors lies,
While life for ever lives, and death for ever dies.

Thee, *Mercy!* of celestial birth,
The great shall emulate on earth;
And patrons of a world's distress
Shall joy like thee to save and bless.

The

The wearied in the vale of woe to chear,
Protect the friendleſs child; and wipe the widow's tear.

CHORUS.

Ariſe, O God, ariſe!
The victory is thine, eternal Son!
Aſcend with pow'r the ſkies!
Thy holy kingdom is on earth begun.

PRAYERS.

I. An UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid, when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

PRAYERS.

I. *The* UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime *ador'd*;
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or *Lord!*

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heaven purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid, when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan,
Thy goodneſs let me bound;
Or think Thee lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let

Let not this weak unknowing hand
  Preſume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, oh! teach my heart,
  Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart,
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
  Or impious diſcontent,
At ought thy wiſdom has deni'd,
  Or ought thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
  That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholely ſo,
  Since quick'ned by thy breath,
Oh! lead me whereſoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not;
  And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all *ſpace*,
  Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies;
One chorus let all being *raiſe*,
  All nature's incenſe riſe!

II. *A paraphraſe of the* LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all! eternal mind,
In uncreated light enſhrin'd,
Immenſely good and great!
Thy children form'd and bleſt by thee,
With filial *love* and *homage*, we
In low proſtration wait.

Thy name in hallow'd ſtrains be ſung,
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
The ſolemn choir combine;
In loving, ſerving, praiſing thee,
We find our chief felicity,
But cannot add to thine.

Thy righteous, mild, and ſov'reign reign
Throughout Creation's ample plain
Let ev'ry being own.
Lord, in our hearts, where paſſions rude,
With fierce tumultuous rage, intrude,
Erect thy peaceful throne.

As angels round thy ſeat above,
With joyful haſte, and ardent love,
Thy bleſt commands fulfil;
So let thy creatures here below,
As far as thou haſt giv'n to know,
Perform thy ſacred will.

On thee we day by day depend,
Our being's author, and its end;
Our daily wants ſupply:

With

With healthful meat our bodies fed,
Our ſouls ſuſtain'd with living bread;
Our ſouls, that never dy!

Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault;
Each ſinful action, word, and thought,
Oh! let thy love forgive:
For thou haſt taught our hearts to ſhow
Divine forgiveneſs to our foe,
Nor let reſentment live.

Where tempting ſnares beſtrow the way,
To lead unwary minds aſtray,
Permit us not to tread;
Unleſs thy gracious aid appear,
T' avert the threat'ning evil near
From our unguarded head.

Thy ſacred name we thus adore,
And thus thy choiceſt gifts implore,
With *joyful*, *humble* mind;
Becauſe thy *pow'r* and *glory* prove
Thy kingdom built on *wiſdom*, *love*
Unceaſing, unconfin'd.

III. *An* ESSAY *on* PRAYER: *agreeable to the plan laid down by the author of the* Religion of nature delineated.

THOU one *eternal, universal mind!*
Supremely wise, omnipotent and kind!
Thou spoak'st! thy pow'rful voice *Confusion heard*;
Twas done: th' obedient universe *appear'd*.
Upon thy sov'reign will the whole depends;
On ev'ry part *paternal care* descends.
In this stupendous frame, ah! what am I?
Yet he's my guardian, who commands the sky!
Minutest particles of future man,
By thee improv'd, complete the human plan.
By thy commands the elements conspire
Still to support and guard my vital fire.
Though moments swiftly pass, thy favors fly
More swift than they, more num'rous multiply,
Accept my poor returns: a grateful sense
Is all for undeserv'd *beneficence*.
Oft as my tongue shall warble o'er thy praise,
Accept the grateful tribute of my lays.
When weakness shall betray, or lust entice,
Explore the danger, and defeat the vice.
The sad remembrance of my follies past,
Brings to my view the face of heav'n o'ercast,
Black clouds of vengeance charg'd with pointed flame,
My poor defenceless guilty breast their aim.
Let *pardon* (charming sound!) my peace restore;
Nor let my feet transgress thy precepts more.

When ſtrong inducements croud the road of life,
When courage ſhrinks from the unequal ſtrife,
Such diſpoſitions give, ſuch pow'rs diſpenſe,
As beſt ſhall guard my threaten'd *innocence*.
May *conqueſt* ev'ry future trial crown,
And for my ſafety ſend protection down.

Make me obſerve where *Wiſdom* marks my way,
And Reaſon's dictates pioufly obey.

From ev'ry hurtful being me defend;
Nor let me wander in thoſe ways that tend
Through pleaſure's flow'ry paths, to ſome deſtructive end.

In proper view be ev'ry object ſeen:
Diſpel deluſive miſts that intervene.
May right *perceptions* to right *judgement* riſe,
And ſteady *practice* ſpeak me truly wiſe.

In things inferior (beſt beſtow'd or not,
Thou only know'ſt) thy *pleaſure* be my lot.

The charms of *health*, *proſperity* and *eaſe*,
Grant they betray not while they ſeem to pleaſe;
Nor let the rough alarms afflictions beat,
My virtue ſtagger, or abate its heat.

Make thou the tumults of my paſſions ceaſe,
My breaſt the conſtant reſidence of peace.

While onward to the verge of life I roll,
May uſeful knowlege more illume my ſoul;
May virtuous acts to virtuous habits grow,
My life expreſſive of the truths I know.

Thus through the various ſcenes of life may I
Complete the character preſcrib'd, and dy:
O make my title to thy favor clear!
My *exit* happy, as my *life* ſincere.

When

When I ſhall tread this mortal ſtage no more,
Conduct me ſafe to ſome more bliſful ſhore,
Where want ne'er comes, where fulneſs never cloys,
Where ſmiling peace preſides, where praiſe employs,
Where happy ſubjects quaff, unmixt, immortal joys!

IV. *The* MAGNIFICAT, *or Song of the Virgin* MARY.

SOUL and ſpirit, heart and voice,
Bleſs th' Almighty and rejoice
In thy God, who from above
View'd thee with auſpicious love;
And, deſcending to thy aid,
Snatcht thee from oblivion's ſhade!
Hence my name, in ſacred lays,
All eternity ſhall praiſe.
For the Lord, my God, has ſhed
Endleſs glories o'er my head:
God, the Lord of boundleſs pow'r,
God, whoſe love and wiſdom tow'r;
God, who chears, with mercy's ray,
All who fear him and obey!
From his arm th' aſpiring foe
Ever meets an overthrow;
From the terror of his eye,
Pride and Cunning, ſcatter'd, fly.
Fill'd by him, with food divine,
Want and Sorrow ceaſe to pine;

While the ſinner, proud with wealth,
Sighs for comfort, ſighs for health,
He, whoſe promiſes prevail,
He, whoſe mercies never fail,
Mindful of the bliſs decreed
To his ſervant Iſrael's ſeed,
Wafted on angelic wings,
Gladneſs now and glory brings;
As he to our forefathers ſwore,
To Abr'ams race for evermore.

V. VENI, CREATOR.

CREATOR Spirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come, viſit ev'ry pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind!
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee:
Illumine our dull darken'd ſight,
Thou ſource of uncreated light!

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire:
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring,
To ſanctify us while we ſing.

Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r does heaven and earth command.

Proceed-

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gift of tongues diſpenſe,
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh! enflame and raiſe our hearts!

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul:
Feeble alas! we are and frail;
Let not the world or fleſh prevail.

Chaſe from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow:
And leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father and the Son by Thee!

Immortal honors, endleſs fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Savior-Son be glorifi'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption di'd!

And equal adoration be,
Creator-Spirit, paid to Thee!
Come, viſit ev'ry pious mind,
Come, pow'r thy joys on human-kind!

PSALMS.

I. *The first* PSALM *imitated.*

HAPPY, O! happy is his state,
Whose thoughts are always right;
Whose zeal the wicked ne'er abate,
Whom no ill words delight:
But who the law of God *pursues*,
In all he thinks, in all he *does*;
And, only earnest to obey,
Makes it his study night and day.

II.

Like some fair tree a brook beside,
Whose waters nourish as they glide,
And keep it ever green;
Which blossoms cover in the spring,
Which autumn's golden honors bring;
So shall this man be seen.

III.

For God, in whom he puts his trust,
Is ever good, is ever just;
And will his righteous servant give,
In constant peace and joy to live.

PSALMS.

I. *The first* PSALM *imitated.*

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Whoſe thoughts are always right;
Whoſe zeal the wicked ne'er abate,
Whom no ill words delight:
But who the law of God *purſues*,
In all he thinks, in all he *does*;
And, only earneſt to obey,
Makes it his ſtudy night and day.

II.

Like ſome fair tree a brook beſide,
Whoſe waters nouriſh as they glide,
And keep it ever green;
Which bloſſoms cover in the ſpring,
Which autumn's golden honors bring;
So ſhall this man be ſeen.

III.

For God, in whom he puts his truſt,
Is ever good, is ever juſt;
And will his righteous ſervant give,
In conſtant peace and joy to live.

I.

But hapleſs is the ſinner's fate!
Whoſe thoughts to error tend;
To whom examples laws create,
Whom ev'ry wind can bend:
Fictitious hope his fancy feeds;
He reſtleſs toils, yet ne'er ſucceeds;
But ſees the proſpects he deſign'd,
Diſpers'd like chaff before the wind.

II.

Such is the order here of things,
Which from the wiſeſt Being ſprings,
That evil works in vain;
Goodneſs ſtill draws its own *reward*,
While thoſe who wicked ends *regard*,
Purſue and purchaſe pain.

III.

For high in juſtice and in might,
God ſtill to man diſpenſes right;
Still to the good ſhall life ſupply,
And let the ſtubborn ſinner dy.

II. *Part of* PSALM XIX.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' un-

Th' unweari'd ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
Soon as the evening-ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.
What, though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What, though no real voice or ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The Hand that made us, is divine!

III. PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday-walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight-hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or pour on thirsty hill my plaint;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.
Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

IV. PSALM XXIX. *paraphras'd.*

BRING to the Lord, ye mighty rulers, bring
Young rams, the firstlings of the fleecy store;
Bow humbly down before the Lord, your King,
Celestial anthems to Jehovah sing;
Revere and worship, tremble and adore.
The boist'rous ocean's troubled waves obey
Silent Jehovah's all-commanding nod:

The whitening billows of the wat'ry way,
Dasht on the rocks, with mists obscure the day:
But hasting back, confess the awful God,
He hurls the rattling thunder through the skies,
Darts livid lightnings in the cloudy air;
He speaks the word, and black'ning storms arise:
But at his voice th' impending tempest flies,
And all th' horizon's face again is fair.

Vast, unexhausted, theme of angels' song,
And mens amaze! the voice of God most high!
Which rives the stately pine, the waving throng
Of Leban's cedars, and the entrails strong
Of knotted oaks, loud thund'ring from the sky.
Lo! at his voice earth feels a gen'ral wound;
Whole forests whirling ride the dusky air;
And by the roots uptorn, with rustling sound,
Promiscuous dancing in mysterious round,
Their Maker's glorious majesty declare.

His voice the hinds attend, and drop their young,
Untimely births; his voice the flames can sever,
Where, high above the water-floods, among
The heavens he sits, by cherubs to be sung,
Almighty Lord and King, and that for ever.

Thus great, thus terrible is God! but when
To mercy he inclines, with white-rob'd peace
And innocence he glads the sons of men;
Protects from serpent's tooth, and lion's den,
And gives their flocks and herds the wisht increase.

V. PSALM XXIX *paraphrased.*

HEROES of earth, with proſtrate pow'rs pay
That tributary homage, which the might
And glory of th'eternal King demands.
His name, omnipotent, immenſe, ſupreme,
Eternal, ſelf-exiſting, when your ſteps
Approach his ſacred temple, celebrate
In ſolemn whiſper, or on ſounding ſtring
Record. For who the mighty God that hears
Thund'ring in ſtorm, and o'er the billow'd deep
Reſounding, can reſtrain the vocal praiſe?
Hark! 'tis Jehovah, that in tempeſt ſpeaks:
Reſiſtleſs pow'r, and majeſty ſupreme
Ride on the ſacred ſounds; they ſtrike the ear,
And ſhake the ſoul through her profoundeſt pow'rs
With ſilent veneration. *Lebanon*
Beholds his cedars tow'ring in the clouds,
Riv'n by the triple thunderbolt, deſcend
In craſhing ruin, and deform thoſe brows
They had adorn'd from Nature's ancient birth.
The rocky cliffs, affrighted at the roar,
Leap up; ſo wantons o'er the verdant mead
The pamper'd heifer; ſo the unicorn
Exults along the foreſt's boundleſs range.
Great God, who ſees the horrors of thy ſtorm,
But bends the knee in homage? Clouds in clouds
Enfolded, ſable o'er the louring face
Of nature, on a ſudden iſſues forth
The light'ning's flame, and ſets the heav'ns on fire;
Laſt rolls the bolt, which burſting from the ſtorm

Out-

Outrageous, quick we fly the flaming blow
Scatt'ring prodigious ruin where it falls.
Nor is it only man that fears, and shuns
The forky fire: Arabia's vast expanse
Of desart shakes throughout, and fain would roll
Herself in her adjoining gulf, t' escape
The conflagration dire. The pregnant hind,
Brousing the forest glade, casts out her young
Abortive, and beneath the branching oak
Shelters; but all in vain: the thunder's mouth
Tears from the oak each proud enormous limb,
And scarce the smoth'ring trunk remains behind,
To tell how vast the ruin.—But no more,
My Muse, of direful subjects; rather sing
In gentler accent how the saints behave
Amid the gen'ral uproar. All serene,
Without an anxious fear, the temple-gates
They croud with pious zeal, and hymning there
Their heav'nly Father's praise, send up their souls
In elevated song, or warbling lyre.
Our God, I hear the joyful chorus cry,
With wisdom infinite, with truth unchang'd,
And grace unbounded, we by faith behold,
To others though unseen, amidst the rage
Of tempest; for his own right hand averts
The firy wrath from ev'ry saint, and points
And pours the ruddy vengeance on our foes
Implacable, sole troublers of our rest.
His mercy triumphs in the light'nings blaze,
And happiness from blasting thunder blooms!

VI. PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce desire the hunted hart
Explores the cooling stream;
Mine is a passion stronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes: with superior fervors, Lord,
I thirst to see thy face;
My languid soul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy house!
The rich refreshments there!
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly past my days!
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I'm lost to ev'ry joy,
Because detain'd from thee;
Those golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul, why thus depress,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favors fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness lour'd, when sorrows rose,
And press on ev'ry side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

Afflic-

Affliction is a ſtormy deep,
Where wave reſounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can ſave.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinſtate my peace;
For he that bad the tempeſt roar,
Can bid the tempeſt ceaſe.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praiſe him for ten thouſand paſt,
And humbly ſue for more.

Then, O my ſoul, why thus depreſt,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favors fix thy truſt,
And check the riſing tear.

Here will I reſt, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod:
He's more than all the world to me:
My health, my life, my God!

VII. PSALM LXV.

THRICE happy he! whom thy paternal love
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,
Where bleſſings ſpring, and endleſs pleaſures flow:
Awful in majeſty, thy glories ſhine;
Thy mercy ſpeaks its Author all-divine.

Thy tender and amazing care is crown'd,
Where'er old Ocean walks his wavy round.
Thoſe that explore the terrors of the main,
Embroil'd with ſtorms, in ſearch of paltry gain,
Where tides encounter, and where gulfs devour,
Derive their ſafety from thy boundleſs pow'r.
Within their ſtated mounds thy nod contains
The lawleſs waves, where headlong tumult reigns;
At thy deſpotic call the rebels ceaſe,
Sink to a ſmiling calm—and all is peace.
Thoſe that inhabit earth's remoteſt bound,
Trembling ſurvey thy terrors all around;
When kindling meteors redden in the air,
And ſhake thy judgements from their ſanguine hair.
At thy command fair bluſhes lead the day,
And orient pearls glow from each tender ſpray;
Night with her ſolemn gloom adores a God,
And ſpreads her ſable horrors at his nod.
All Nature chearful owns her Maker's voice;
Each creature ſmiles, and all his works rejoice.
Thy bounty ſtreams in ſoft-deſcending ſhow'rs
And wakens into bloom the drooping flow'rs:
Pregnant on high thy cloudy ciſterns move,
And pour their genial treaſure from above:
Earth ſmiles array'd in all her youthful charms,
Her flow'ry infants ope their bluſhing arms,
And kindling life each vernal boſom warms.
Thus the glad year with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodneſs in an endleſs round.
Whene'er thou ſmil'ſt, freſh beauties paint the earth,
And flow'rs awaken'd vegetate to birth.

The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never ſpring adorn'd the ſterile ground,
At thy command a pompous dreſs aſſume,
Fair roſes glow, and op'ning lilies bloom.
Here verdant hills ariſe on ev'ry ſide,
And ſhoot their tops aloft with conſcious pride:
There lowing herds enrich the fertile ſoil;
Here bleating flocks reward the ſhepherd's toil;
While tender Lambs their infant-voices raiſe,
And ſweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praiſe.
The loaded valleys laugh with waving corn,
And golden proſpects ev'ry field adorn;
They ſhout for joy, and lowly bending ſing,
With ſweet harmonious notes, their gracious King.

VIII. PSALM C.

JOYFUL, O ye nations, ſing!
Come, and ſongs of gladneſs bring;
Chearful ſervice, thankful lays;
Come before the Lord with praiſe!

He is God, the King of kings,
Who to all created things
Being gave; our ſhepherd he;
We his ſheep, his people we!

Come then, to his courts repair,
Come, and enter gladly there;
With true hearts and ſolemn ſongs,
Praiſe him to whom praiſe belongs.

Well

Well may we his praiſe proclaim:
Goodneſs is his nature's name;
Mercy never leaves his throne;
Truth, O God, is all thy own!
Truth, Mercy, Goodneſs, Lord, are thine,
Eternal all, and all divine!

IX. PSALM CIV.

ARISE, my ſoul! on wings ſeraphic riſe!
And praiſe th' Almighty Sov'reign of the ſkies!
In whom alone eſſential glory ſhines,
Which not the heaven of heavens, nor boundleſs ſpace confines!

When darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway,
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day:
Firſt, faireſt offſpring of th' omniſcient Mind!
Which, like a garment, cloth'd its ſov'reign Lord.
He ſtretcht the blue expanſe from pole to pole,
And ſpread circumfluous ether round the whole.
Of liquid air he bade the columns riſe,
Which prop the ſtarry concave of the ſkies:
Soon as he bids, impetuous whirlwinds fly,
To bear his ſounding chariot through the ſky:
Impetuous whirlwinds the command obey,
Suſtain his flight, and ſweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hoſts of radiant heralds fly;
From orb to orb, with progreſs unconfin'd,
As light'ning ſwift, reſiſtleſs as the wind.

His

His Word in air this pond'rous ball sustain'd;
Be fixt, he said: and fixt the ball remain'd.
Heav'n, air, and sea, though all their storms combine,
Shake not its base, nor break the laws divine.
At thy almighty voice old ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless ocean rolls around the globe.
O'er highest hills, the highest surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and lave the vaulted skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke is giv'n,
That shakes th' eternal firmament of heaven;
The dread rebuke the frighted waves obey:
They fly, confus'd, along the appointed way;
Impetuous rushing to the place decreed,
Climb the steep hill, and sweep the humble mead;
And now reluctant in their bounds subside:
Th' eternal mounds restrain the raging tide.
Yet still tumultuous with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.
By Him, from mountains, cloath'd in lucid snow,
Through verdant vales, the mazy fountains flow.
Here the wild horse unconscious of the rein,
That revels, boundless, o'er the wide champain,
Imbibes the silver stream, with heat oppress,
To cool the fervor of his panting breast.
Here verdant boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Spread their broad shadows o'er the silver tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd songster tunes his various lay;
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide

Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends,
Its tincture brightens, and its arch extends.
At the glad ſign aerial conduits flow;
The hills relent, the meads rejoice below;
By genial fervor and prolific rain,
Gay vegetation clothes the fertile plain.
Nature, profuſely good, with bliſs o'erflows,
And ſtill ſhe's pregnant, though ſhe ſtill beſtows!
Here verdant paſtures far extended ly,
And yield the grazing herd a rich ſupply;
Luxuriant, waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peaſant's care.
Here vines mature in purple cluſters glow,
And heaven above diffuſes heaven below!
Erect and tall, here mountain-cedars riſe
High o'er the clouds, and emulate the ſkies:
Here the wing'd crouds, that ſkim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their young, and nurſe their riſing care.
Up the ſteep hill aſcends the nimble doe,
While timid conies ſcour the plains below,
Or on the pendant rock elude the ſenting foe.
He bad the ſilver majeſty of night
Revolve her circle, and encreaſe her light;
Aſſign'd a province to each rolling ſphere,
And taught the ſun to regulate the year:
At his command, wide-hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primeval night reſumes her gloomy reign.
Then, from their dens, impatient of delay,
The ſavage monſters bend their ſpeedy way,
Howl through the ſpacious waſte, and chaſe the frighted prey.

Here

Here walks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy Providence to ask his food:
To thee, O Father! to thy bounteous skies
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars: the deserts tremble wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound!
Now glowing gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn;
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs chearful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful Ev'ning with her silver-train,
Bid labor cease, and ease the weary swain.
Hail, sov'reign Goodness! all-productive Mind;
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find.
How various all! How variously endu'd!
How great their number! and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine!
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!
Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness opens to my view;
Nor does our world, alone, its influence share:
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extend through all th' infinitude of space,
And circle nature with a kind embrace.
The wavy kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here various beings, without number, stray,
Croud the profound, or on the surface play.

Levi'than

Levi'than here, the mightieſt of the train,
Enormous! ſails incumbent o'er the main,
And foams, and ſports; unrival'd in his reign!
All theſe thy watchful providence ſupplies:
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes.
For them thou o'penſt thy exhauſtleſs ſtore,
Till the capacious wiſh can graſp no more.
But if one moment thou thy face ſhould'ſt hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy ſmiles deni'd;
Then widow'd Nature wails her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in univerſal cries!
Then gloomy Death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nation ſpreads his iron-reign.
Sea, earth, and air, compoſe one fatal urn,
And all their hoſts to native duſt return!
Again, thy glorious quick'ning influence ſhed,
The gay Creation rears her drooping head:
New riſing forms thy potent ſmiles obey;
And life rekindles at the genial ray;
United thanks repleniſht Nature pays,
And Heaven and Earth reſound their Maker's praiſe!
When time ſhall in eternity ſubſide,
And Nature languiſh 'reft of all her pride;
For ever young, thy glories ſhall remain,
Vaſt as thy being, endleſs as thy reign!
Thou, from the realms of everlaſting day,
Seeſt all thy works at one immenſe ſurvey!
Pleas'd, at one view, the whole to comprehend,
Part join'd to part, concurring to one end.
If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her baſis trembles, and her offspring dies.

Thou

Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their entrails glow.
While this immortal spark of heavenly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praises shall be *born*,
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing *morn*;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And Nature in full choir shall join around!
When full of Thee my soul excursive flies
Through earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead bursts upon my mind;
When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take her flight,
To the wide bosom of eternal night;
To Thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels! join th' exalted lay!

X. PSALM CXIV.

WHEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
The tribes with chearful homage own
Their king, and *Judah* was his throne.
Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides, to make them way:
The streams of *Jordan* saw, and fled,
With backward current to their head.
The mountains shake like frighted sheep;
Like lambs the little hillocs leap:

Not

Not *Sinai* on his base can stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand!
What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels?

Each flood and mountain, mark the nod;
Retire, and own th' approaching God:
The Lord of *Israel* see him here!
Tremble, thou Earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature burns;
The rocks to standing pools he turns:
Flints at his word with fountains spring,
And fires and seas confess their king!

XI. PSALM CXLVIII.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise the One supreme!
Let heaven and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' unbounded theme!

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where soft enchanting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Proclaim your matchless Maker's pow'r,
Tell how he form'd the rosy bow'r,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye

Ye angels, catch the trilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around,
His sov'reign praises sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above,
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Thou sun, with dazzling glories bright,
Exalt th' eternal source of light,
And say from whom you shine:
Thou moon, with all the pales train,
Praise him, whose soft, whose gentle reign
Is milder far than thine.

Thou heaven of heavens, confess his nod,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
And with the tale astound;
How first he plann'd you azure sky,
Then hung your liquid mass on high,
And spread the film around.

Whate'er a smiling world can yield,
That wings the air, that skims the field,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his dreadful name
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below!

Let ev'ry element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To him who bid you roll:
Ye stormy winds, a chorus raise;
Ye balmy zephyrs, breathe his praise,
In whispers to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bend your brow
T' adore th' eternal God!
Tell, when of old JEHOVAH spoke,
How *Moses* shook, how *Sinai* quoke,
And trembled as he trod.

Ye harmless race, whose grain,
That sport o'er all the blooming plain,
Some grateful off'ring pay;
Join the great hymn, ye warbling throng,
To him awake the heavenly song,
And tune the melting lay.

But chief, O man! 'tis thine to raise
A loud harmonious burst of praise,
And make his glory known;
Let princes in his praises vow'd,
Praise him, ye kings! who make your pow'r
An emblem of his own.

Ye fair, whom rosy beauty arms,
To him present your glowing charms;
Ye lisping infants, sing!
Let age and youth their pow'rs employ
In one transporting song of joy
To heaven's almighty King!